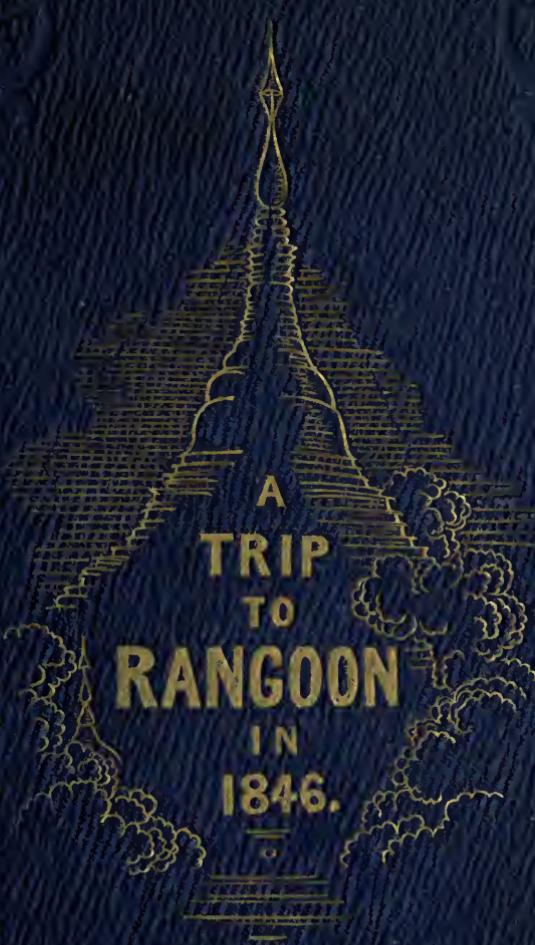


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A stylized, golden illustration of a pagoda, likely the Shwedagon Pagoda in Rangoon, is centered on the cover. The pagoda is depicted with multiple tiers and a pointed spire, surrounded by decorative, swirling patterns that suggest clouds or smoke. The entire illustration is rendered in a golden-yellow color against the dark blue background.

A  
TRIP  
TO  
RANGOON  
IN  
1846.

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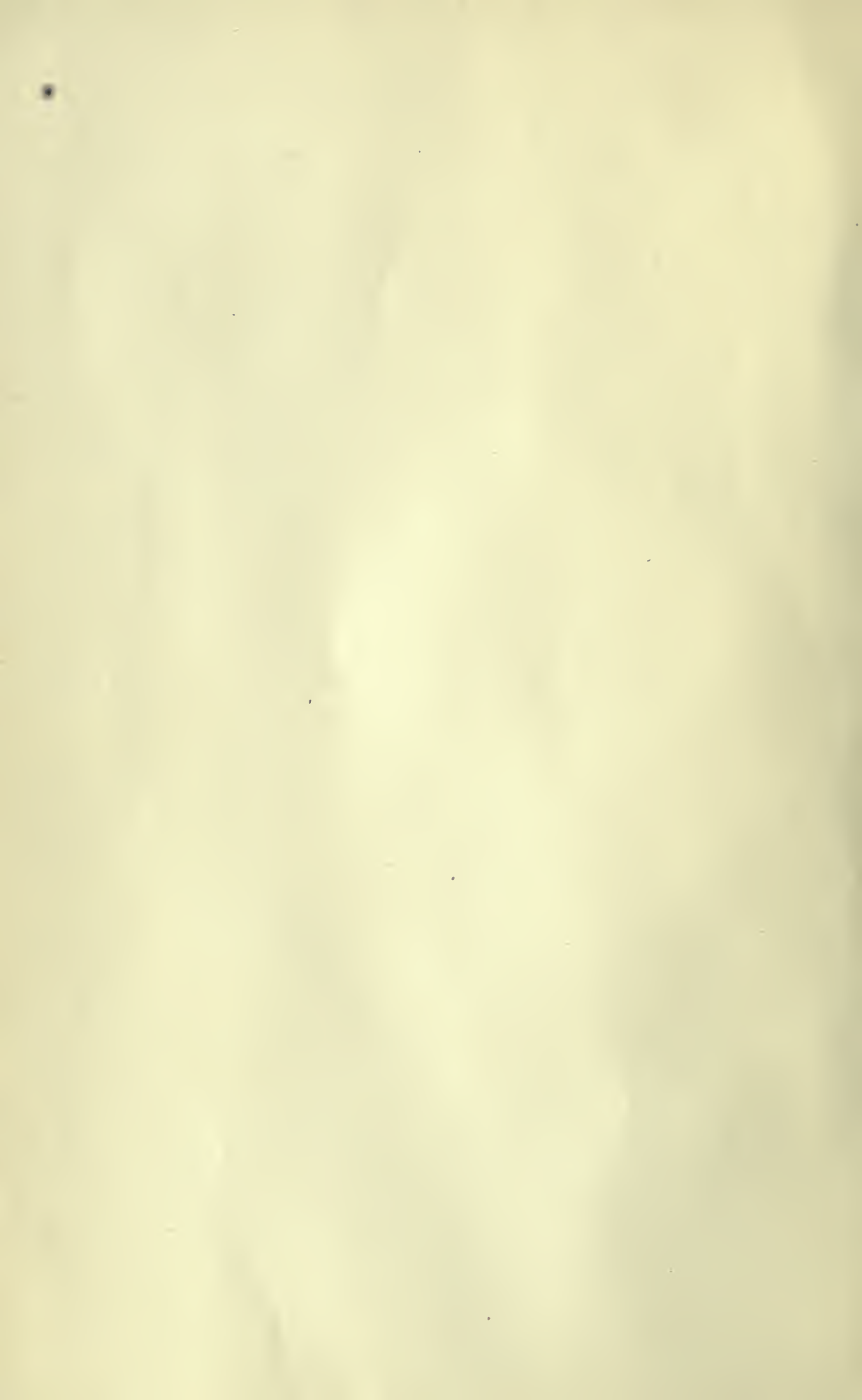
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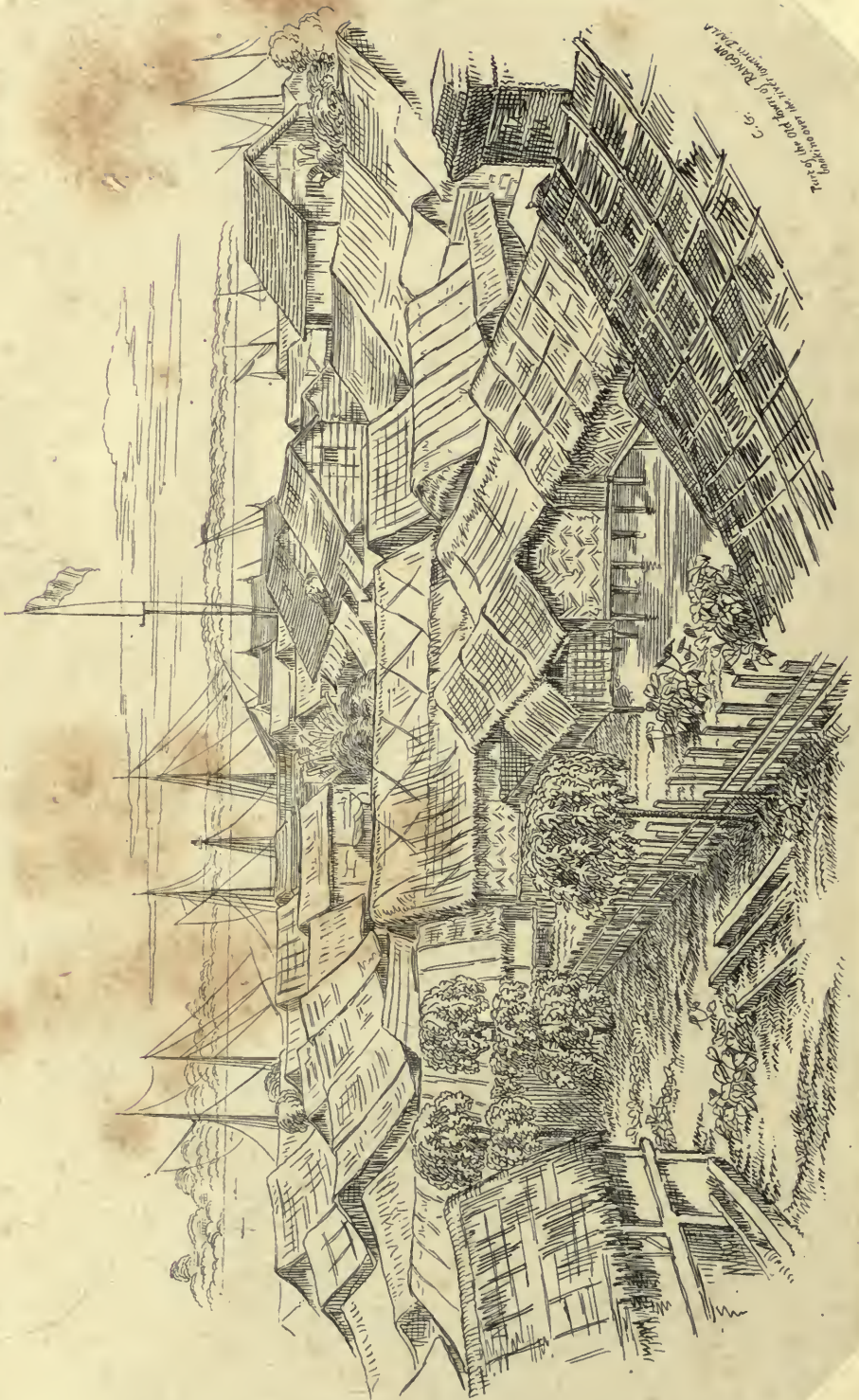


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AIRBORNE



View of the old town of Bagdad  
C. 5.



ROUGH PENCILLINGS

OF

A R O U G H T R I P

TO

R A N G O O N

IN

1846.

by Colesworthy Grant

CALCUTTA:

THACKER, SPINK AND CO.

LONDON: W. THACKER AND CO.—BOMBAY: THACKER AND CO.

1853.

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AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO

MY BROTHERS,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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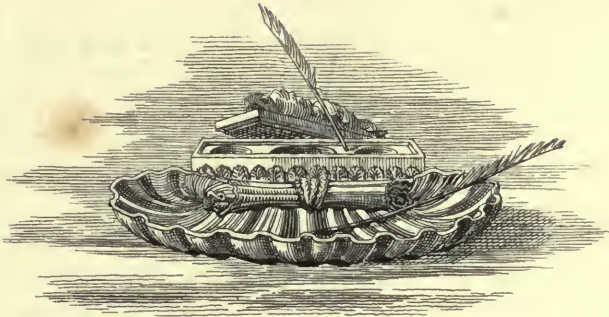
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## P R E F A C E .

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THE accompanying sketches were made during a brief stay in Rangoon, a portion of the Burmese country to which (were there nothing more) the opening operations of the British army under Sir Archibald Campbell in 1824 had lent an interest not early perishable.

A variety of interesting and spirited drawings, principally illustrative of the occurrences of the period, and a limited number of a higher order (by Capt. Kershew), delineating the features of the country, appeared at the time of the war referred to, but of these views very few belonged to the locality of Rangoon itself. Upwards of twenty years, however, had elapsed since the appearance of these, or any other illustration of the Burman territories, and as the place was seldom visited by Europeans, other than ship commanders, and under the then existing oppressions seemed likely to be abandoned even by them, it was not impossible that another twenty might elapse ere a venturesome pencil would be found again to incur the certainty of arrest, and the risk, at least, of extortion or the Blocks, or any other recreation which the whim of a mercenary and semi-barbarous official, might be pleased to inflict. With what amount of interest, therefore, these circumstances could confer, added to that which private feelings, arising from personal reminiscence never fail abundantly to furnish, the drawings were put away to meet that favouring leisure for attention which never came, and opportunity for lithographing them which, without some little stimulus, might never have been made.

The Burmese, however, have been considerate enough not only to supply the necessary stimulus, but, dissatisfied with that amount of interest which, as the theatre of one war, the place and its scenery already possessed, and emulous, it may be, of that Punic fame which punie duplicity (but without an atom of Carthaginian justification) might confer, have added the events of a second campaign to their history, and as though to render such interest not only thus unexpectedly greater, but exclusive, have been pleased to destroy the very buildings represented, and to convert their timber and stones into batteries against our arms, which they have again provoked to hostilities.

With similar dishonorable disregard to the usages and the faith of nations that permitted them to fire upon a flag of truce, they have, by a long course of the most oppressive,

arbitrary, and wanton proceedings against British subjects, ending in an open and gross insult to the Governor-General's representatives, violated nearly half the articles of the Treaty of Yandebboo, and, forgetful of past experience, have hasted, once more, to "try conclusions" with an English power.

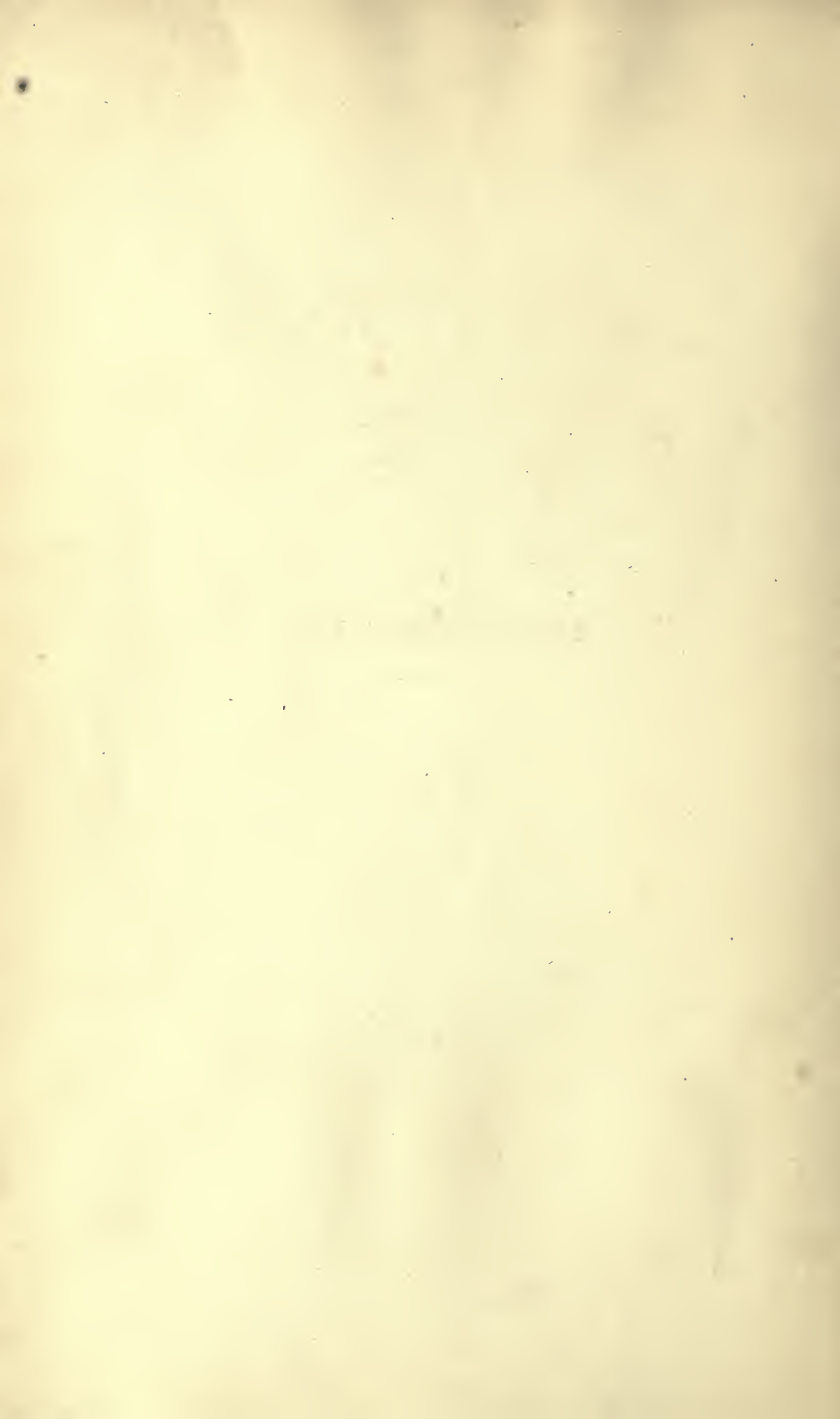
As no war by Britain ever had a more righteous beginning, so it is hoped and believed none will prove to have had a more beneficial conclusion. There is future bloodshed to be saved—the resources of a fine country to be developed, and justice rendered to a people who, twice uniting themselves to our interests, have once been abandoned to the vengeance of their Burman conquerors, and now, risking a like danger, pray to exchange the tyrannic and detested yoke of Burmah for the merciful rule of the Christian.

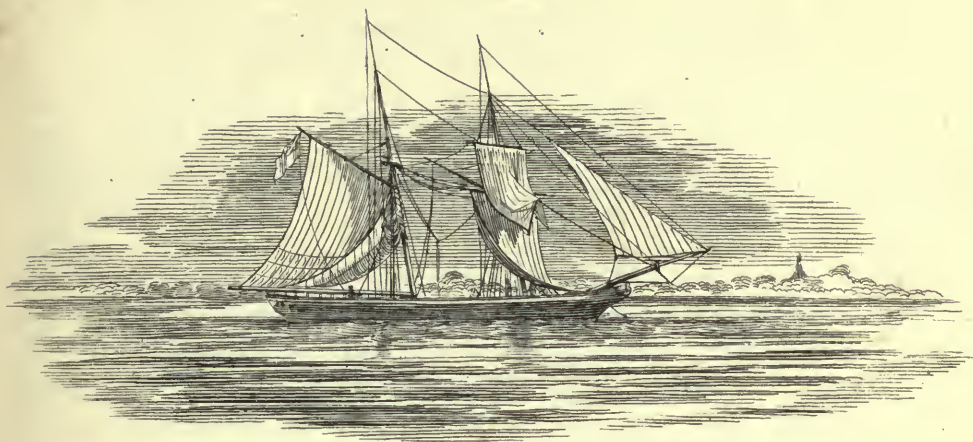
The annexation of Pegue will relieve its rightful inhabitants, the Talines, from subjection, and the Karens (whose remarkable and interesting tradition will be fulfilled) from bondage to a power despotic and barbarous—a government without wisdom—an executive without principle or mercy—punishments which are revolting, and a spirit altogether, from the highest to the lowest official, (with honourable exceptions no doubt) corrupt and grasping, (the fruits of that wicked system, originating in the supreme head of the state, which makes advancement in office obtainable only through bribery, and its emoluments to depend almost entirely upon the exactions of unbridled authority)—a spirit which, exclusively, seeks self aggrandizement. When such a spirit governs the rule of Britain, may it be written of her, also, as of the ruler of old,—“MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.”



A  
TRIP TO RANGOON.

~~~~~





Over the Deep, the smiling Deep,  
 When summer-winds breathe low,  
 When gentle barks, o'er waves asleep,  
 Their course in gliding beauty keep,  
 And the moon, from her airy watch tower steep  
 Weaves a long bright chain below,  
 Oh then, Oh then, o'er the smiling Deep  
 How pleasant 'tis to go !

Over the Deep, the angry Deep,  
 When wintry wild winds blow,  
 When breakers lash the headland steep,  
 And the stormy billows heave and sweep,  
 And over the ship like monsters leap,  
 And dash her to and fro !  
 Oh, then, oh then, o'er the angry Deep  
 How dreadful 'tis to go !

J. Gregor Grant.

### A TRIP TO RANGOON.

DURING the south-west monsoon of 1846, at a season when ships put to sea in the Bay of Bengal with the comfortable anticipation of wet decks and close-reefed top-sails from the Sand-Heads to the Equator, the author accepted a friendly invitation for a trip to Burmah in the little schooner "*Flora Macdonald*,"—noted in the Calcutta river not only for her smartness, but as the smallest craft sailing out of the port,—her burthen being only 42 tons !\*

The surprise of some,—the mock congratulations of others, and the consolatory forebodings and warnings of several amongst his friends, (sailors too) might have led him to believe that in a suicidal spirit he had taken his passage for another world, or, as penance, to some probationary place of torments, rather than for relaxation, health, and professional gleanings to a neighbouring shore. This would have appeared mockery indeed, had it been known that but a few months afterwards *a lady* would occupy his place, and venture a yet longer and, as it proved, perilous passage to the Isle of France in the same little vessel ! The result of either voyage,

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\* In the Illustrated London News of July 6th, 1844, appeared a notice and drawing of a "Lilliputian piece of naval architecture" of 40 tons, called the "*Hellespont*," brought to notoriety from the fact of her having performed a voyage in safety from the Bermudas to England. The author refers to this fact as apology for the introduction of *his* "swan" !

whilst it went far in fair evidence of the *safety*, rather than the greater danger of very small (*well built*) vessels in bad weather, (hurricanes always excepted) was but confirmatory of all threats and forebodings on the score of *endurance* !

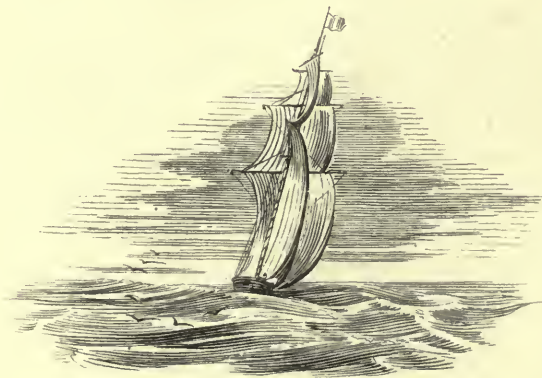
Under something of that *cacoëthes scribendi*—indulged equally as a social passion in private life, as one of ambition in public, and common to persons when released for a season from customary labours, and excited by novelty and adventure, the writer indited a lengthy epistle to his family in Calcutta, which, containing one or two little incidents of “the enchafed flood”

“The gutter’d rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep’d to clog the guiltless keel”—

has been thought by others sufficiently interesting to induce its publication (with some omissions) here.

If less apology be offered for the addition of the subsequent letters, it is not that they claim an atom more exemption from criticism on the score of their literary worth, but simply because they are assumed to possess some trifling amount of the like character of interest which attaches to the sketches themselves ; to which, indeed, in some instances they serve as explanatory text.

No such excuse, however, and no novelty belongs to descriptions of sea life in the present day, unless indeed distinguished by something *very* remarkable, either in style or event. Those, therefore, whom a life on the “great waters” has made familiar with its troubles and adventures may pass over the early pages of this little work without fear of loss, as their own experience might furnish scores of histories of far more peril, and, doubtless, infinitely more interesting character. It can only further be said, that if its introduction elicit criticism, it is beyond all defence—and this may be said equally of the remainder. The publication of private correspondence, in a great measure necessarily egotistic, is an offence, when so construed by the statute of the critics, against which judgment must go by default !





*Maulmain, August 2nd, 1846.*

MY DEAR BROTHERS,

Thanks be to God, we have arrived safely at our first port of destination, and that is more than at times of our protracted and eventful journey I have had reason to be sanguine of. In brief—we have had a wretched and perilous voyage—one marked by more incident, troubles and dangers than might be met with in a dozen voyages to England and back again in a large ship. Alas for human foresight!—A trip which I conceived was to have done so much for me in a variety of acceptable ways, has been nigher running me, and all with me, to destruction, and subjected me to more positive hardship, exposure and discomfiture than those whose profession it is to meet all the miseries incidental to a sea life have been able to bear with indifference.—But let me not be hasty. There are cases in which the virtue of those time-honoured instructions of the rhyming apothecary—“*When taken to be well shaken*” is infinitely better elicited, after all, by transferring their application from the bottle to the patient;—and if so I can hardly fail to be rewarded for the strict fidelity with which (by a ‘knocking about’ such as Capt. Gamble never before experienced in the ‘*Flora Macdonald*’) those instructions have been carried out!

\* \* \* \* \*

Let me premise—I trust that no report reached you of our having lost our top-masts at the Sand-Heads,—because as we went to sea in that condition, and you would get no subsequent account of us, I can imagine it would fill you with vague fears and alarms for our safety. But this was the least of our troubles. The greatest misfortune, indeed, attending it was that a poor fellow was aloft on the top-gallant yard at the time the fore-top-mast fell, and was, as you may suppose, greatly hurt. He has been laid up ever since, and only ventured to return to a slight duty, (cheered, no doubt, by the sight of land) this very morning.

Some brief idea of our little vessel, of our state and doings, before fairly putting to sea, may perhaps amuse, and enable you better to appreciate our condition and subsequent pleasantries.

The 'Flora Macdonald' is about fifty feet in length, and eleven feet six inches beam; little bigger, consequently, than some of the Calcutta budgerows; she draws between seven and eight feet water only, so you may suppose she sits lightly enough on its lap. Upon the present occasion, however, she was very much overladen, and thus deeper than her usual trim. Her form is considered by the initiated as a fine model, and her build has all the compact strength of a solid block of teak timber: many a hard bump, indeed, has tested her virtues in this particular! She is fond of sparing the leadsman his labour—ever and anon, when in shallow water, sounding the depth of channel. Amongst other curiosities belonging to her, she carries, aft, a pair of sweeps, or immense oars upon swivels, so that when becalmed she can pull for it! By aid of these oars Capt. Gamble says he has swept the 'Flora,' in a calm, across the Bay of Bengal! Lastly, though her beam is only eleven and a half feet, she carries a fore-yard *forty-two* feet in length—causing a weight and a spread of canvas aloft that, in the opinion of nautical folk, will, some day, cause her, in sailor phrase, to "walk down stairs and shut the door after her"—the supposed fate of her luckless sister vessel the "Margaret." Though a schooner, she is at present rigged as a brigantine. She carries a crew of fifteen men, besides her commander and two officers, and—one gun!—which is exceedingly useful, when hauled over to windward, to trim the ship!

Below she has, what may be called, in reference to her size, a spacious cabin, twenty feet in length, and of her own breadth, which, to Capt. Gamble's horror, he found, upon joining the vessel, crammed with the excess of cargo which had so improperly been sent on board. He did not like then to reject it, but hoped that we should be able to set all to rights on "getting out to sea!" And so for the present a hearty laugh was all the attention we bestowed upon the scene around us. There, however, crammed "in sweet confusion" were a collection of large cases, chests, bags, stores, sea cots, beds, bundles and sails, which, throughout three parts of the cabin's length, filled it to within a foot and a half or so of the deck. Even the little space near the hatch, where we could find footing at all, or I should say kneeling,—was two feet deep with chests, cases, and bags. In short it was only possible to touch the deck in a space of about eighteen inches near the hatch, or break our shins in others of half these dimensions between the cases. My chest had been stowed away at the aftermost part—so to get at it I had to crawl upon hands and knees—not escaping an occasional collision between my head and the beams! but the chest gained—how was it to be opened?—the lid was within eight inches of the deck!—"N'importe" as our good humoured French custom-house officer very philosophically exclaimed at every little inconvenience he endured. For myself, in that frame of mind when *any* state was happy so it was but *change*, and with the true pic-nic-ian spirit, I had so made up my mind to every conceivable mere inconvenience of a rough sea trip that I was ready to laugh at them all,—*sea sickness only excepted*—for how lay that spirit of unquiet?—how resist the all-subduing—all-disturbing influence of that mar-peace!

We left Calcutta on Friday morning the 17th, and had not got further than Sangaree when the frolicksome schooner seemed as bent upon 'going ashore' as

her inmates might be after a long voyage. "She'll take the ground directly" observed the Skipper—"Hope not (replied our Pilot) the bank here is like a wall"—"She'll take the ground, Sir, nothing can save it," continued Capt. G. who is as familiar with every thing that his little craft *will* do as a mother with the tricks of her infant,—and in another moment we were ashore. "Stand by for a roll"—and over she rolled, and away at the same time rolled the whole of the dinner traps, then just laid. Little mischief, however, was done, as she righted immediately and in a few moments cleared.

By noon of the next day we were a little below Fulta, the schooner gracefully bending to a fine breeze, and all promising well—when like a mischievous horse that has lulled its rider into a belief of being all gentleness, and suddenly performs a fling that empties his saddle, the little vessel made another jump for the shore—and in a moment we were firmly aground! Instantly an anchor was down in our little jolly boat and the operation of "kedging" quickly gone through—but all in vain. We were hard and fast, nearly upon our beam ends, on a shelving bank. Scarcely had this first trial to haul off failed when the "Lion" steamer, coming up the river, hove in sight. Before our signals could be got on the halyards to request her assistance, the 'Lion's' were floating gaily aloft, saying—"Your plans wont do," and the next minute the steamer bore down to us.

Had all this really been got up on purpose to afford me the healthful stimulant and exercise needed it could not have been more apt or effective. In the labour of getting the steamer's hawser on board I joined "all hands" to the great damage of my own; for with pulling and hauling upon this precious country rope, the surface of which seems fretted out like ladies' rug work, or the spines of the Cactus plant, on purpose to torment poor human hands, I succeeded in getting the skin from off the inner surface of mine, and eventually a burning sun upon a wet skin did the same for the exterior, not only of my hands and arms from the knuckles to the elbows, but nearly the whole of my face.

The hawser fast, and orders exchanged, the final one from the steamer of "stand clear" was an injunction all took care to obey—little dogs and all, (with the aid of a rope's end) for now the straining and startings evidenced the tremendous drag upon the vesssl. Round went the 'Lion,' first on one tack, then on the other—finally a-head. It reminded me of a London brewer's 'leader' being clapped upon a poor huckster's cart to extricate it from a rut;—and surely, thought I, the results must be similar;—but not so. The 'bits' seemed ready to start from the deck,—a fresh start, a tremble, a violent jerk and heavy splash in the water announced the 'catastrophe';—the 'Lion's' powerful hawser, four inches in diameter, was gone—and the 'Flora Macdonald' had not budged an inch! To try the experiment again was useless, as the tide, rapidly sinking, now left only five feet of water in which to float a vessel drawing eight. So there we remained till next tide, with one side buried in the water, level with the deck, and the other pointed to the sky; whilst the natives—on less classic ground than those who, upon Candia's coast, and a more poetic occasion, "ashore with admiration gazing stood"—stared at us from the bank as though, like the Northumbrian owl, they had "never seen a keel agrun afore."

Thus we continued till five in the evening, when, the tide coming in, we floated, cleared, and anchored for the night. Happy would it be for some luckless folk we wot of, fond of connecting themselves with banks, could they “get off” and “clear” with as little injury or loss !

The next day we commenced a race with a very fine schooner of about ninety tons, the “Spy” bound to Arracan. At first she had the advantage (by having got under weigh before us) but had not proceeded very far before, following our example of the preceding day, she took the ground.—“We’re only waiting for you !” said her pilot, as we ran up ; so Capt. G. resolving to set such an example in reality, backed his fore-top sail and waited the Spy’s clearing. This did not take many minutes, and we made a fresh start side by side. Again she appeared inclined to have the advantage of us, but though the Flora had her boat floating astern, nearly full of water, which in so small a vessel formed a heavy drag, and was altogether in her worst sailing trim, whilst the Spy was in her best, the latter did not hold her vantage. We appeared to have the superiority in sea water, where our light-footed barque, like a young colt on a green sward, seemed to feel herself on her proper ground.

Ere this more interesting stage of our proceedings, however, that chief of miseries, sea sickness, had robbed me of nearly all participation in the pleasure of the race. Those whose sea travellings have been confined to ships of six and eight hundred tons can form but little conception of the action of a vessel, hardly bigger than such ships’ long boats, under a spread of canvas in a rough sea. It was not only severe, but so rapid and incessant as not even to allow those moments of rest that large ships afford, when, after a good hearty plunge or roll, they steady themselves for a while as though taking breath for another !

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean”  
Is very fine in ode or sonnet,  
But not so pleasant is the motion  
Of rolling sea when you ’re upon it.”

J. G. G.

Like master, like man : my boy Gomânee was of no service to me. He had taken alarm by what he had learnt long before seeing green water, and now the poor fellow’s elongated woe-begone countenance sufficiently indicated that to take care of himself was as much as he could do. He will be a sailor however before he gets back to Calcutta. He soon learnt the advantage of bestirring himself—assisted the other servants, and took a pull at the main brace or the fore tack with the best of them.

I need not, if I could, detail all the river pranks of our tricksome little schooner. Altogether, however, we grounded no less than *five times*—and upon the last occasion, which was on Sunday morning near Kedgeree, we unshipped our rudder ! This you will say was a promising beginning !—“All comes of sailing on a Friday Sir !” said Capt. G. laughing, for he is too sensible a man to attach any *real* importance to this strange and yet cherished prejudice—a remnant of the old stock of “wise saws” pertaining to those veteran tars who with skill and faith enough to

"nail a fair wind to the starboard cat-head" seem to have had puff equal to their swallow when, also, they could "whistle on a wind in a calm!" Our experience, however, upon this occasion will I fear have much the same influence over the minds of the superstitious as that of the luckless ship-owner, who with the laudable view of combating this silly belief had the keel of his ship laid upon a *Friday*; she was *launched* upon a Friday—named "The Friday," sailed upon a Friday, and, alas!—was never heard of more!

At the time the accident to our rudder occurred we were still prosecuting our race with the "Spy," who—(ships being feminine you'll pardon the pronoun) wondering no doubt at the sudden disappearance of our cloud of canvas, went ahead and had it all her own way. Fortunately, when the condition of our rudder was discovered, the vessel had only just tacked, and had lots of sea-room before her. Had it been otherwise, under the press of canvas then upon her, she would have gone ashore in good earnest. However, after an infinite deal of labour, the rudder, which was found unhurt, was re-shipped, and we once more spread cloth and away. That night we anchored at Mud point. On Monday we continued running our course, with strong breezes, and at night anchored off Saugor in company with eight large ships and the little "Spy." At 10 next morning, though the weather was far from promising, we were again under weigh, closely followed by the rival schooner, but no other vessel ventured to do the same, and it is probable did not do so for several days after—confirming, as I presume, the remark that the 'Flora Macdonald' often puts to sea when larger vessels dare not.\* How the "Spy" fared in her short trip to Arracan we know not: how *we* sped you shall hear.

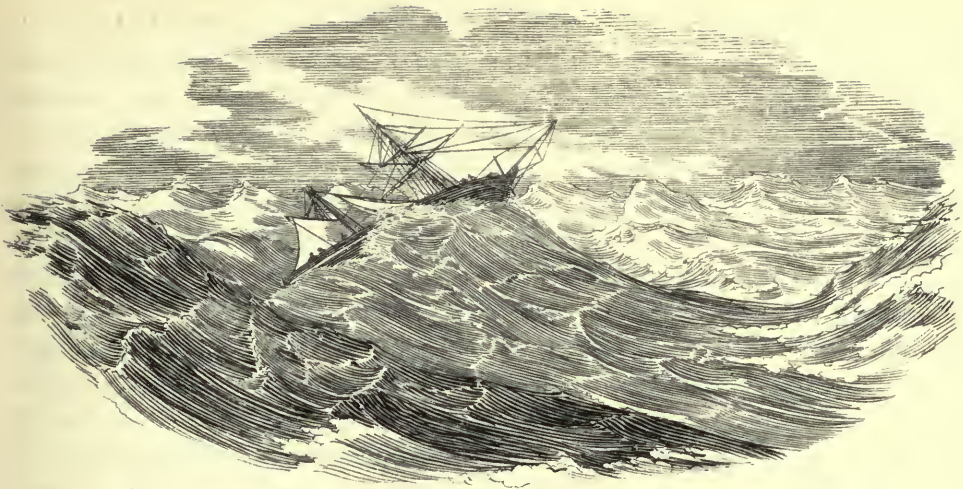
On the Tuesday afternoon we anchored in the eastern channel, and lay rolling and pitching in a disagreeable sea till 9 o'clock at night, when we finally up anchor, and by 11 next morning, Wednesday, ran along-side the pilot brig "Tavoy" gave over our pilot, and stood on our course. We had not done so more than two hours when the loss of our top-masts occurred. This was not owing to actual stress of weather, but to the press of canvas which we were carrying on in a strong breeze and a heavy sea, and were thus "shorn of our glory," as Capt. G. expressed it, in a minute. We had by this time beat the 'Spy,' who was several miles to leeward of us, but like a generous rival no sooner did she observe our disaster than she hauled up to offer assistance. Capt. G. however, thought he could manage very well, so only returning thanks for their politeness we parted for good. He then proceeded to shift the *main*-top-mast forward (for until now only the *fore*—the most important of the two, had actually fallen) when to his chagrin and disappointment, upon getting it on deck it was found so badly *sprung* as to be useless also!—so we had now no top-masts at all!—What was to be done? The 'Spy' was gone. There was one of the Company's iron pilot vessels, the "Fame" in sight and she neared us. Her duty, Capt. G. said, was to have *offered* us help,—but

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\* During the disastrous gale of October, 1848, when the melancholy catastrophe, the loss of the "Hope" Capt. Willie, took place at the Sand Heads, and within sight of the dismasted large ship "Framjee Cowasjee," this little invincible was to be seen, like a stormy petrel, riding it unhurt! She came in shortly afterwards without the loss of a spar!

as she did not do so, he was too proud to ask it. Some time after this another pilot brig, the "Coloroon," hove in sight, but we were so far to leeward of her, that it appeared impossible to approach her. Capt. G. however, signalized her, saying—"I am in want of a spar." The reply was—"I cannot assist you." Evening drew in, and with it an interesting little conversation on the question of "go on" or "put back." The safety of the one step, and the prudence of the other, together with the loss or gain of time, depended upon the chances of weather; and as the loss of topmasts only rendered the vessel more "snug" in the event of a gale of wind, and the capability of carrying more sail could not ensure the weather which would admit of *setting* it, the argument ended in favour of going on. With the determination, however, of not being "done" altogether out of a fore-top-mast, it was resolved to splice and brace the one which was sprung only, and send it aloft. This was done the next day, and a top-sail bent upon it, and not only did it stand the fair weather but all the foul which so quickly followed it.

The breeze, which had hitherto been from the N. E. now gradually died away, and throughout that day and part of the next we were lying in a dead and "portentous calm;" the sails loudly flapping against the masts, the main boom jerking from side to side, and the vessel, to our extreme annoyance, rolling to a degree that would worry the patience out of a stoic; for with all this calm there was a tremendous swell from the southward which our Captain thought indicated that there *had* been a severe 'blow' in that direction. Whether there had been or not, plenty was left for us!—A breeze which at length sprung up from the S. W. now freshened, and by evening it was blowing strongly. Still it was but a "strong breeze," and we carried our top-sail to it. But this immunity did not last long. "Hullo!" exclaimed Capt. G. as he raised his head over the rail, and observed the deepening horizon to windward—"there's something for us there!" The order was barely out for—"in top-sail, and jib," and reefing main-sail, &c., when we were in a gale of wind which for four (or nearly five) days and five nights left us neither rest, peace, nor comfort, and at times but little hope. But now was the metal of the little 'Flora Macdonald' to be proved. Now came trial of the question "safety or no safety" in a small vessel at sea, and nobly did the little schooner maintain both her character and our safety. She is indeed an extraordinary little craft, and has more of the characteristics of a "life boat" in her than a mere sailing ship. I have already spoken of her action in comparatively fine weather,—but this would convey a very imperfect idea of it in a heavy gale of wind. Albeit I have witnessed the anger of the "stormy Cape"—the "Cabo dos Tormentos" of its early navigators,—and therefore known some of the 'ups and downs' of "life on the ocean wave," I candidly own that until in some degree accustomed to the motion of the 'Flora's' flings—"first ae caper, syne anither"—the blood would momentarily run cold within me! It produced precisely that effect with which little boys and girls are familiar when swung aloft more than ordinarily high in the car swings of an English fair,—that sudden oppression on the lungs, and gulping of the breath as the impulse threatens a flight into the heavens, or a lodgment five hundred yards off in the river! That as our diminutive craft rose to each



giant sea, dipping her main boom five feet under water, she was not buried *stern* foremost, in the abyss created behind her;—that she did not go down *head* foremost, as now, dipping her jib-boom fathom deep, she plunged with the rapidity of lightning down the hill of water which rolled under her; or capsize at every terrific, breath-stopping roll which she made, dashing herself down upon her side on the receding surface of the seas which struck her,—pouring in over the whole length of the gunwale—filling, continually, the lee deck up to the hatch nearly two feet deep with water—appeared little less than miraculous!

But now came night with all its sable horrors, and only an increase of the gale! Each mountain of water, as it came accumulating, towering and rushing towards us, crested with foaming fire, seemed as though dooming us at one stroke to destruction!

I have said that the gale only increased, and you may suppose that our canvas was reduced to the smallest possible scale, but this was insufficient: yet what was to be done. “I cannot lay to (said Capt. Gamble,) for we are right in the track of the English ships, and were one of them to run us down, little more would be known of the *Flora Macdonald*. We should go down without a moment’s warning.” Upon consideration, however, of the probability that English ships at this period would run up more to the westward than we had reason to believe ourselves to be, Capt. G. determined at length to run the chance.

Though you may never have had any particular reason to be interested in the matter, the operation of “lying to” will not, I dare say, be any mystery to you. You may be sure it was interesting enough to me upon that fearful night, and each succeeding day and night of our resorting to it. With dawn we occasionally ventured to show an additional foot or so of canvas, and put the schooner a trifle before the wind—to “jog” us ahead a little, and save as much as possible the driftage we were making towards the north and a lee shore, and when we did so—“—half swallowed in the black profound”—we might be said to have been sailing *under* water rather than *on* it—for the lee gunwale and deck were almost continu-

ally *buried*. With evening, however, we invariably lay to altogether. You will not suppose that even this robbed the night of its anxiety or discomfiture, for although when *laid to* a vessel is relieved of the dangerous strain and pressure which was upon her, it does not either lessen the sea or decrease the rolling and pitching, nor could we feel any great assurance that we might not be run down by some large ship. If any amongst us had sleep that night *I* had none. I remained on deck till half past 4 in the morning, when, overpowered by sleep, I turned in for an hour.

Morning came, and with it no decrease of the gale, but an increased, and in Capt. G.'s words "fearful sea"—one which he had not seen equalled for many years. With this came a new and apparently yet more impending danger. The pumps—or rather the pump, the only one that could be worked at all, which had been kept carefully going every half hour, suddenly broke down. The last report but one had been *four inches* water in the hold, which for any vessel is considered remarkably dry;—but the next startling announcement was "*two feet* water, Sir, and the pumps wont work!" G., on whom this operated like a shot, jumped down to examine and to aid,—for if in half an hour such an increase had taken place we were sinking fast. Capt. G.'s mind, as he afterwards told me, was already made up, and plans for a raft, &c. all laid down, when after much time, labour and pains to get the pump in order, it was again sounded, and you may imagine the relief on finding the depth to be only *5 inches*! The fact was that in the violent rolling and jerking of the vessel, the water had splashed up the sounding rod (despite all usual precautions of the experienced) and so *several times over*, given a false report.

It is needless attempting to detail all the misery we endured during the continuance of this gale, and after it. For myself, unaccustomed to such a life, I may fairly say that for six days I had no sleep by night, except in broken, occasional naps of half an hour, nor rest by day,—nor can I be said ever to have had dry clothes upon me from the beginning to the end. As for shoes and stockings, and such like superfluities, they were vanities of which none of us ever dreamed for, at least, nine days. Independently of the wretchedness of being below in our crammed cabin (which I need hardly tell you was never got "to rights"!) now additionally stuffed with wet sails and wet clothes, and where, even yet, I hardly ever felt free from sea sickness, various promptings kept me on deck all day and much of the night. There, saturated by the pelting and chilling rain, I have even been glad when a sea, breaking, would wash over me to warm me and prevent the ill effects of a fresh water soaking. The only necessary care upon such occasions was to secure a good hold, lest the salt water preservation should prove more lasting than desirable!

You will not suppose that during this time we permitted all the water that was either under, above, or about us, to damp our spirits, or rob us, when not ill-timed, of our jokes. Such occasions, indeed, are generally productive of a large share, and often have we wished that some of our friends could have seen us at our brief meals—mocking the refinements of shore life—"dodging" a squall of rain, or a sea, or patiently sitting under both—dispatching our food with *all* dispatch, lest a fresh squall or a fresh sea should dispatch it for us!

— Enough,—“Getting worse, Sir,” had been the accustomed response to the one all important and repeated query; the men, losing heart, refused at one time to venture out on the fore-part of the ship, until stimulated by the courage and example of our mate Mr. Friedman, whilst an anxious eye had been kept to leeward, the appearance of which threatened a return wind and a cross sea which must assuredly have engulfed our little barque; but—“when things are at the worst they oft-times mend,”—on the fifth day the gale abated, and we once more shewed a little low canvas, and proceeded at a rattling pace on our course—as well, that is to say, as the want of “observations” enabled us, for during all this time you may suppose we never saw the sun.

But now, on the eighth day of our sea log, or thirteenth after leaving Calcutta, came the event of our voyage which was to crown it as one of adventure and peril—and, ought I not to add, of Divine mercy.

At about 9 P. M. I joined the Captain in his watch on deck, which was to be one of importance, as his calculations led him to expect we should, at about midnight, pass the “*Sunken Rocks*”—a dangerous cluster of which stands at the southernmost part of Cape Negrais, and about ten miles from the main land at the entrance of the gulf of Martaban. The importance of this watch will be better understood by my stating, as already partly done, that from the time of our leaving the Sandheads we had never obtained a noon observation, and it was only upon the afternoon of this day that by the aid of a double altitude observation Capt. G. had been enabled to make any thing like a guess at our position, drifted as we had been by the late gale, he knew not whither. He was therefore far from satisfied as to the course he was steering for the Preperis channel, fifty miles in breadth though it might be, and had therefore now to depend upon a look out to be assured of his safety. Too far to the north—a touch on the dreaded rocks, (said to extend two miles in length) and nothing could save us,—too far to the south and we should fall upon Preperis Island—the Charybdis of our path.

From 9 till 12 o'clock we passed the time in conversation, when Capt. G. though possessing extraordinary nerve, expressed considerable anxiety for the result of the next hour's watching; and now, unfortunately, dense mist and rain so obscured the atmosphere as to render the horizon, or any distant object, perfectly indistinguishable. That feeling of anxiety you may suppose did not fail to extend itself to me. Our conversation gradually sank into a few occasional observations and questions on my part, answered with a suppression of voice indicative of the workings of an anxious mind. By about 1 o'clock, however, Capt. G. began to feel an assurance that the danger was over—that we must by that time have passed the channel and the dreaded shoal. He therefore, though I have reason to know with the good-natured view only of luring me from the deck, where he thought he was detaining me by remaining himself, proposed to go below, more particularly as it was raining hard. I, however, had no such inclination. Independently of certain feelings of doubt and anxiety, *below* had no charms for me: I could not have slept. “Oh well (said he) if *you* do'nt mind the rain, *I* certainly do not”—so resumed in somewhat mended tone our conversation.

By half-past 2, however, or nearly 3, the Captain feeling really satisfied in his mind of our having passed the channel, determined to go below.—I could not do so. I was as comfortable where I was, and would remain on deck—chat with the Serang [boatswain] and keep him awake in his watch! Capt. G. accordingly went below leaving me to my obstinacy. Addressing the serang I questioned him as to the object for which the look out had been kept.—He knew the “Sunken Rocks.”—How far would he be able to see them such a night as the present? About two koss.—How would he know them? By the breakers, which in the distance appeared like fire.—What an instance was this of how the wisdom of the wise and most experienced may at times deceive them. We ceased speaking, and had scarcely been silent ten minutes when a strange murmuring or booming sound upon the weather beam, where all was darkness, struck my ear. I listened and looked at the serang. Probably it was an approaching squall. In a few seconds the man rose and listened also. I asked him what it was—but he passed rapidly to the waist of the ship and hailed the look out forward. The idea struck me it might be shoal water of Preperis Island, which, in *my* wisdom, I nothing doubted lay immediately to windward of us, particularly as our course, if permitted to incline either way from the supposed mid-channel, had done so more to the south than the north. I watched the serang—determining not to cry “wolf,” and arouse the already wearied from their rest. But yet another few seconds (for how rapid was all this) and that dreadful sound—shall I ever forget it!—towards which we were flying at the rate of nine knots an hour—had increased with fearful quickness to a loud rumbling and hissing which admitted of no delay. I made a move to the hatch, but the serang had forestalled me and calling to the Captain told him that the sea was making a strange sound. Capt. G. was on deck in an instant—“I dont like that” he exclaimed—“all hands on deck!”—and in another moment every soul was alive. Well was it they were! and well was it that a man of not less nerve and self-possession than Gamble possesses commanded at that moment—for we were on the very verge of the foaming breakers of the *Sunken Rocks*! Aye, as though we had aimed with nice hand and eye to hit the very bull’s eye of danger instead of avoiding it! “*Wee jou, Chikar!*”\* was Capt. G.’s prompt command in a voice that the rock itself might have echoed back at any less turbulent time.—“*Let go the Peak halyards!*”—they were gone, and all the corresponding cordage on the lee side had rattled through the blocks at the same moment. With instant speed the little schooner, obeying her helm, turned on her heel and “wore.” Scarcely had she done so when the cry of “*Breakers on the lee bow!*” from the mate, seemed to ring in our ears the very knell of death!—Good God! I inwardly exclaimed, we’re lost!—for what else, with breakers at every turn presented itself but the conclusion that our fate was inevitably sealed. And as the now loud hissing, boiling and dancing waters of the frightful caldron, into the midst of which we had plunged, sounding as though a score of engines were at work, surrounded us, and large bodies of water, rolling one over the other, resembling the steps of a cataract,

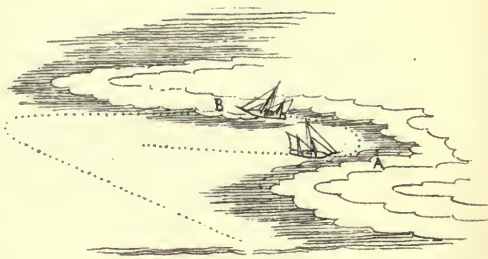
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\* “Put the Helm hard a - starboard.”

foaming milk white, and illumining all around with appalling distinctness, rushed with dreadful impetuosity past and upon us, I jumped into the waist of the ship—joined the first cluster of hands I found labouring on the heavy fore sheet, and thus saw little more of the terrific grandeur of that tumultuous scene.

At the identical moment of the mate's agreeable announcement, the mainsail (or after sail) upon the filling of which depended the vessel's coming up to the wind—that is, turning her head towards it, fell foul! Before therefore the necessary movement could be completed an immense roller of the breakers struck the schooner on her bow, under which she made a fearful heel over—"low bending as if ne'er to rise again"—and for an instant appeared to be gone. Such indeed was Capt. Gamble's own fear,—whilst the ship's bell, swinging to the violence, increased the horrors of the time by its dismal tollings that seem'd to ring our burial dirge,—but in another moment, when she righted, the main-sail filled—bringing the ship's head to windward, clear, and no more than clear, of the rocks—and then, thanks be to God, we were safe!—Personally I had doubtless yet further cause for that thankfulness, for as the vessel made another heel over, observing the chair on which but a few moments before I had been seated, going overboard, I thoughtlessly let go my hold of the rail to endeavour to secure it, but missing my object, and with it my balance, I fell to leeward. My friend G. endeavoured to seize me but failed. Had not the main boom, in sea phrase, "brought me up" I should have followed the old chair, which at the same moment dropt amongst the broken waters.

That you may understand the nature of our double peril I should explain that we had fallen into a *bight* of the rocks—thus—so that after "wearing" and clearing the shoal at A. we came rushing direct amongst the breakers at B. from which hardly any thing short of a miracle saved us. Had the schooner there struck, she must inevitably have gone to pieces in a few minutes.

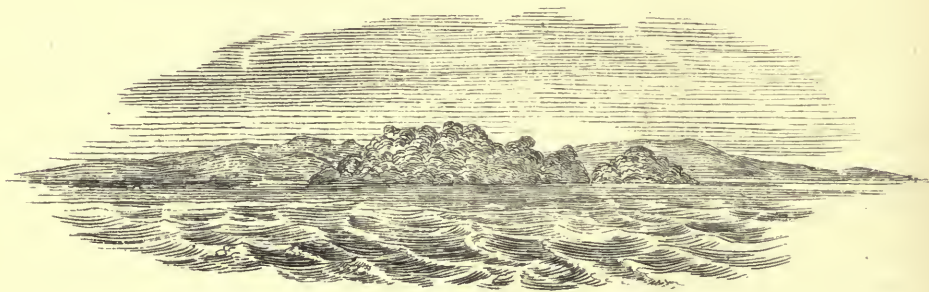


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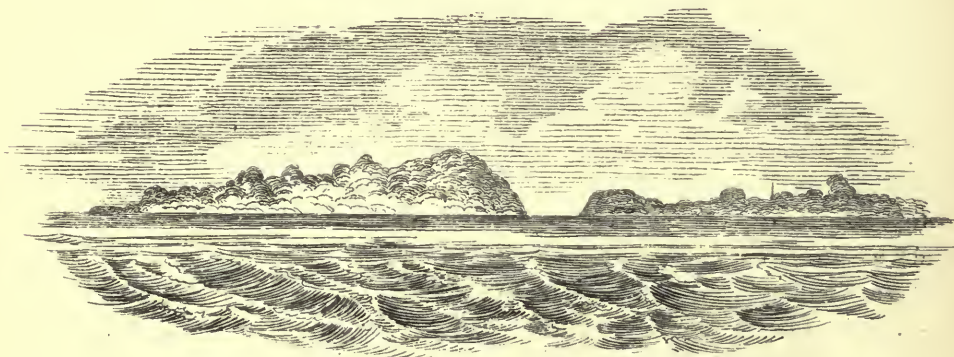
—"The sense of reprieve" from a situation of this kind, or I may safely quote further and say, "from approaching and apparently inevitable death, had its usual effect." The re-action, indeed, upon the hearts and minds of us all could only be compared to the force of the breakers from which we had escaped!

We now ran out, back again, for about twelve miles to sea, till nearly day break, and then 'going about' returned on a new course of about six points more to the southward. Even with this, so strong had the late gale made the driftage that we again came within a short distance of the treacherous shoal, which it was doubtful whether we should even now weather, without again going about, fresh breakers having been reported about two points on the lee bow. But with day-break, good seamanship and a smart vessel, we weathered every thing, and in two days after sighted, as we thought, the land on the eastern coast of the gulf, and anchored.

With the light of morning, however, all had vanished, but in the course of that day, with a fine breeze, we made the Island of Callagouk, (said to be so infested with



snakes as to be uninhabitable by man,) Double Island, and the main land, and on the afternoon of Saturday breasted the beautiful scenery of Amherst, hoisted signal for a Pilot, and at dusk anchored in the Martaban river.



The morning brought with it scarcely a breath of air, so that albeit the distance is little more than thirty miles above Amherst, and notwithstanding the aid of studding-sails and our long sweeps, (which were here brought into use,) to boot, we failed in getting off town before Monday morning.

The appearance of Maulmain from the river is by no means inviting, because the European residences are almost entirely hidden behind a long skirting of low Burmese buildings—the bazar, wharfs, and merchants' ware-houses. The beautiful blue hills, however, that, covered with luxuriant verdure, have delighted the eye from the moment of sighting land, here forming a near back-ground, serve to throw a charm over the meanest objects;—for what exile—a denizen of the flat plains of Bengal during fourteen years—can look for the first time upon a blue hill, unmoved?

A hearty welcome from my kind host Capt. Miller, quickly installed me the contented and admiring resident of a Burmese dwelling, in which I was not a little surprised and amused on observing, where such an abundance of other material is

available, how independent a house may be of bricks and mortar ! Here was enough of the finest teak wood apparently in this dwelling to have built a ' 74' gun ship ! It is attached to the timber premises known as "Boothby's Yard," now in the occupancy of Capt. Miller. It presents a busy and an oriental scene. Timber of every description, great and small, with names as odd as their shapes are various—Chow-  
 kers, Dowkers and Duggies, Arties and Shinbins, strewed in all directions, are being carried to the water's side, and elephants, that have been employed in the work of transporting the ponderous blocks, are trudging back either for fresh duty or to their homes. A timber ship is at anchor at the wharf; the little 'Flora' (looking not unlike its long-boat) rides behind, and the beautiful, though not very



lofty, hills of Beloo-Kyoon, changing the hue of their loveliness with every variation of sky, crown the opposite shore. What a feeling of longing they occasion for a scour up their acclivities, and a plunge into their purple depths !

Unfortunately my stay has been so brief, the rain so frequent and so heavy, and my time so fully occupied in sketching within doors, that, beyond a visit to the large and picturesque pagoda on the summit of "Pagoda Hill," whither my good-natured host, at the expense of a wearisome trudge to himself, guided me, and to the delightful residence of Major McLeod, on the very brow of a similar elevation, I have seen but little of Maulmain and its surrounding attractions. That little, however, has been quite sufficient to make me desire a much longer acquaintance. I am in short delighted with the place, and all in it, and grieved to leave it so soon. I have met with the most friendly hospitality and the kindest attentions from those to whom, but a few hours ago I was a total stranger.

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Independently of its scenery, Maulmain must be rich in all the advantages of a sanitarium ; and of this I judge, not by adults, with whom mere change is frequently all that is essential to improve health, but by the children, on many of whom "the roses of health" are laughing in unmistakeable declaration of such condition as one might look for on the Devonshire slopes or Kentish Downs.

*Rangoon, August 10th.*

Here, after a capital run of only a night and a day from Amherst, we are safely anchored off Rangoon—and a miserable looking place it is!—realizing, for all the world, my idea of a Dutch village half under water! However, Maulmain, as I have told you, with all its internal beauties, presents no pleasing aspect from the river; but *here* there are no blue hills in the background to promise anything, and I am told it offers in reality nothing more than it promises. Of this I shall judge for myself—and as I learn we are likely to remain here for two or three weeks I shall have the opportunity of telling you more about it.

We left Maulmain on Friday the 8th. Capt. G. having at noon sent the schooner down to Natmoo, about eight miles below the town, where we proceeded by boat and joined her at night. By 9 the next morning we anchored off Amherst, and there determined to go on shore,—Capt. G. and Mr. F. with their guns, in search of sport. Deer, we were told, were generally plentiful, and if so, tigers, which are abundant about the place, would not be lacking! At first, as I am no gunner, and cared not to carry a weapon of which I knew little use, it was proposed I should arm myself, to meet accidents, with pistols, but as these proved to be of that delicate fabric that may be remembered ornamenting the mantel-piece walls in the bed rooms of our great grand-sires—a small load, in short, for a coolie, I “put them off,” and contented myself with my stick—a stout “Penang lawyer,” my pencil and a sheet of paper—weapons more in keeping with my peaceable designs.

I immediately made for the tomb of Mrs. Ann Judson—that, perhaps I may say, incomparable example of female devotion—love—piety, talent and heroism! In the brief and emphatic words of her talented and devoted husband—“the first of women, the best of wives;”—and who that has read her story\*—the history of her extraordinary adventures, sufferings, and endurance in the hands of “savage oppressors” in a barbarous land, following her persecuted husband, from month to month, prison to prison, and misery to misery, through toil, sickness, privation and peril,—dividing her cares and labours between a tender and sick infant in her arms, and a tortured husband in chains—who, I say, can read all this—without cordially echoing the words of her biographer—“a character of greater excellence—of greater moral beauty—of more exalted heroism is not to be found in the records of her sex.

“Above all Greek—above all Roman fame!”

“Her name will be remembered (says her American biographer) in the churches of Burmah in future times when the Pagodas of Guadama shall have fallen; when the spires of Christian temples shall gleam along the waters of the Irrawaddy; and when the golden city shall have lifted up her gates to let the KING OF GLORY in!”

The infant companion of her sufferings would appear to have died within six months of its poor mother—“Together (says the afflicted father) they rest in hope—under the hope tree—Hopea—which stands at the head of their grave.”

There is a second and similar enclosure at the side of Mrs. Judson’s grave, but whether this marks the burial place of the child, or some subsequent interment, I

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\* American Biography, by the Author of Lily Douglas.—Edinburgh 1831.



know not. There is also, near the head of the grave, the withered and shapeless stump of an old tree, and this probably is the “Hopea”—at one time, no doubt, as luxuriant and fresh as the umbrageous tree that now stands in its pride on the rising ground but a short distance off—significant enough of the durability of a good name beyond all the pride and hope of earthly materials or greatness. One can hardly indeed quit a spot like this without that “deeper musing” chastening the thoughts, and rendering us mindful, in the words of a certain poet, that we have

“ ————— trod the earth  
 In whose honoured breast doth lie  
 All of sweetness, valour, worth,  
 That can ever wholly die !”\*

Having, whilst my companions waited, made a hasty sketch of the spot, we proceeded on our stroll.

And now had I possessed my sketch book, with skill to use it equal to my excitement, which admiration of the “pictorial” every where presenting itself, created, I should have left the place, no doubt, with the material for an “Amherst illustrated” in my portfolio! Noble trees—clusters of giant bamboos—and luxuriant vegetation of every kind shadowing a variety of eminences and hollows around. The white and graceful spire of a pagoda rising from amidst or behind it,—“meandering paths,” bordered by rich flowering jungle, and deep woody banks sloping down to the beach, where the sea, looking so beautiful and innocent, was rolling and breaking its milk white surf on the stony beach and over the red rocks—reminding one how much pleasanter it is to look at them in *this* way than under a “lee bow!”

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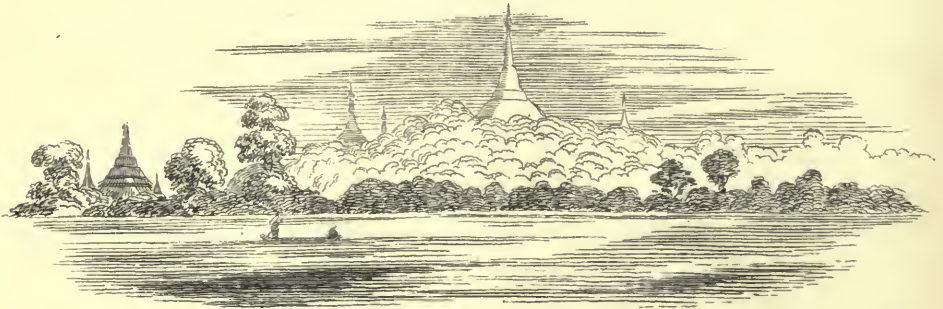
\* “Imaginary Inscription for the burial place of Grace Darling.”—J. G. G.

We had not proceeded far on our walk when we came upon a herd of buffaloes, of which animal we had also been warned. Not being prepared for sport so rough as this, nor, as it would have turned out, so cockneyfied and expensive!—we thought it prudent to make a detour, but subsequently learnt we might have proceeded in safety, the buffaloes being, what are called—tame. I say this because the tameness of a Burmese like that of any other Indian buffalo, towards Europeans, may be regarded with about the same degree of confidence which might be reposed in the docility of a sleeping alligator, or a gorged boa-constrictor;—very trustworthy till return of consciousness and appetite! I would trust them no further than I could fling the fattest by the tail!

My companions, however, failing to obtain any sport, the sun being fiercely hot, and a fine breeze blowing in favour of our sailing, we returned to the schooner, and at about 2 in the afternoon proceeded to sea.

After a fine run across the Gulf we, early next morning, made the low lands of Rangoon river, and the “Elephant”—a cluster of trees to which fancy has attached the form of that animal, and that serve as an important landmark to the entrance.

Having spoken so disparagingly of the appearance of Rangoon itself, let me acknowledge the beauty of that view of its principal feature, the Great or Golden Pagoda, (not seen from the town) obtained whilst passing up the river, which upon a fine day is indeed very effective. From the moment of sighting it, at a distance of several miles, (and after passing the large Syriam Pagoda at the junction of the Rangoon and Appoo rivers, it is the first object of interest which meets the eye of the traveller) when its graceful form is seen rising prominently from amidst dense and



elevated forest land, until a nearer approach adds the beauty of golden brightness to the effect, it does not fail to strike the eye as something grand and imposing.

As the town is approached the view of the great pagoda, gradually lost to sight, is exchanged for a nearer view of small pagodas, surrounded by clusters of huts, including several superior and picturesque-looking buildings with upper stories, which I understand are the residences of Poongees, or Burmese priests,—the priesthood and royalty alone being privileged to have dwellings so constructed.

A light craft (having parted with some of our cargo at Maulmain) and a fair wind made short work of our passage up the river, and at half past 4 in the afternoon we came to an anchor off the town—which is twenty-eight miles from the sea.

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*Rangoon, August 14th.*

Having closed what I may term my "Sea-Log" (and a very heavy-wet one I fear) and obtained its dispatch by the "Joseph Manook" yesterday morning, I now resume my pen, but as I can have nothing to write about except what the day's seeings and doings may suggest to dot down as likely to interest you, it will be more a *journal* than a letter,—and a very convenient mode of writing it is too. It has more than the advantages of a debt paid by instalments: the advantages are on both sides. There are none who object to receive money in a good 'round sum,' but an enormous letter, of small matter, without a break or resting place is like a long sea voyage without a port in the way,—very wearisome. The task of the journal writer is accomplished almost unconsciously, and he is always ready to close at "a short notice," which I shall be as opportunities offer of sending by vessels going over to Maulmain—for there are no ships whatever going direct from here.

The appearance of Rangoon, as I have already said, is wretched, and suggestive only of the utmost meanness and poverty. It would not appear to have improved, except in one particular, since the visit of the British army in 1824, when Major Snodgrass, writing of it, says:—"We had talked of its custom-house, its dock-yards, and its harbour, until our imaginations led us to anticipate, if not splendour, at least some visible signs of a flourishing commercial city; but however humble our expectations might have been, they must have still fallen short of the miserable and desolate picture which the place presented when first occupied by the British troops. The town, if a vast assemblage of wooden huts may be dignified with that name, is surrounded by a wooden stockade, from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, which effectually shuts out all view of the fine river which runs past it, and gives it a confined and insalubrious appearance. There are a few brick houses, chiefly belonging to Europeans, within the stockades, upon which a heavy tax is levied; and they are only permitted to be built by special authority from the Government, which is but seldom granted—indeed, it has ever been the policy of the Court of Ava to prevent, as much as possible, both foreigners and natives from having houses of permanent materials, from an idea that they are capable of being converted into places of defence, in which refractory subjects might withstand the arbitrary, unjust, and often cruel measures of their rulers."

By the "one particular" improvement to which I have alluded, I mean the absence of the stockades, which—with the exception of a small space on either side of the old or main wharf, and the flag-staff, and also at one or two other of the old gateways, where the old and battered wooden walls of the place yet remain,—have entirely disappeared. In other particulars I find little deviation from the brief but graphic description of the place given by this author. There are the meagre swine infesting the streets, and the packs of hungry and noisy dogs, that are a source of dread in the day, of disturbance at night, and of nuisance at all times.

The huts and houses visible from the river are principally of wood, the larger kind with roofs of the same material, and the smaller with thatch. The floors are raised upon posts, of probably eight and ten feet high, which at flood-tide are under water so deeply as to give the house the appearance of floating. Not only those

near the river, but all Burmese houses have a similar elevation, which, as Major Snodgrass remarks,—“would contribute much to their dryness, healthiness, and comfort, were not the space beneath almost invariably a receptacle for dirt and stagnant water.”

The Burmese, though a strong healthy-looking people, and to appearance not uncleanly in their persons, are certainly neither nice nor careful in their domestic habits. Very shortly after our arrival off town I was much amused by a visit from the Burmese officials who came to search the ship. What a farce! There were about eight of them, and they were entertained at the cabin table with rum, biscuits, and sugar, to which they appeared to do more justice than to their duty. They remind me of the amusing, and I can now say, very graphic description Mrs. E — gave us of the visit of the Burmese Governor and suite on board the “Christopher Rawson,” when they were entertained in a manner evidently assumed to be most suitable to their tastes, upon treacle, sugar, biscuits, jams and jellies and tart fruits, served up in a soup-tureen.\* Our visitors appeared to be much of the same school of manners as the governor’s followers—a happy set of fellows and contented to take life easy. There was but one drawback to their comfort—their unabated terror of Capt. G.’s dog “Jack.” They gathered up their feet and garments on the chairs and chests on which they sat, and watched him with jealous eyes. They had formed their idea of a well-bred English dog by the horrid curs that nightly snarl and bark and prowl about their own streets—unmitigated pests!

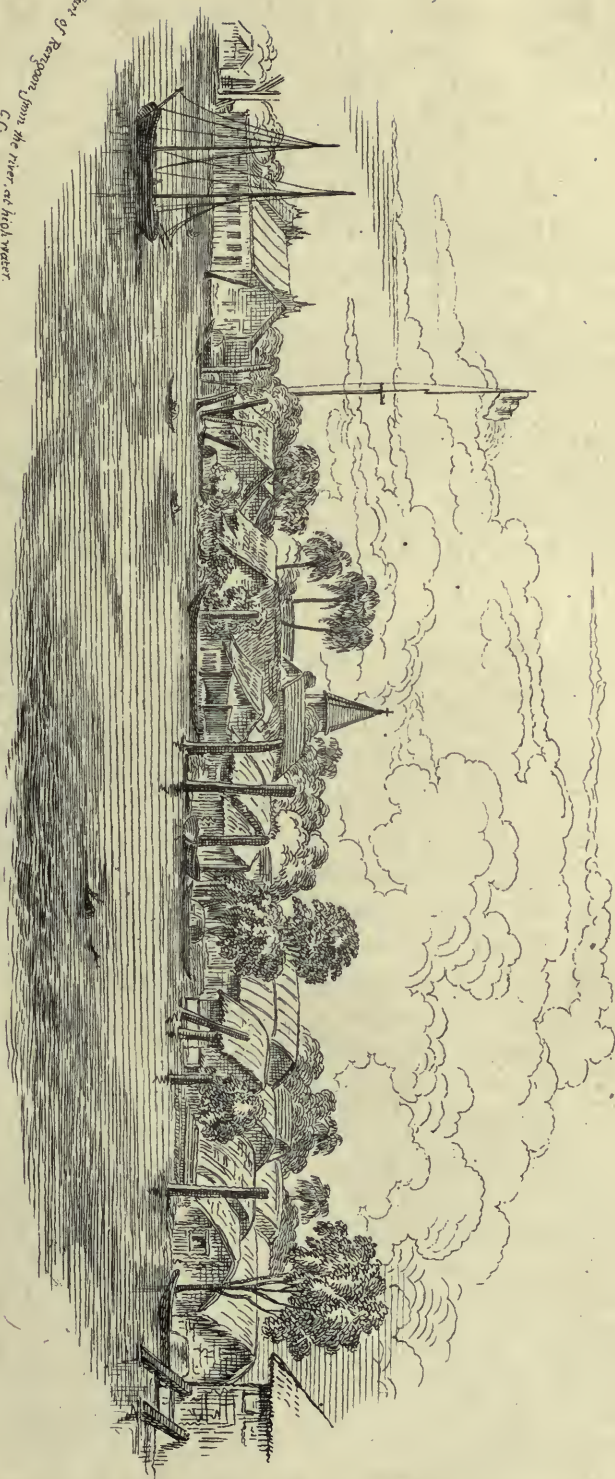
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\* The author has induced the Lady to whose graphic little sketch reference is here made to permit its publication in her own words :—

“On the arrival of the Governor and suite on board the ‘Christopher Rawson,’ my husband and officers were prepared to receive him with that degree of ceremony and respect due to one of his rank and position. Accordingly a pair of nice clean man ropes were put at the Gang-way—the ship’s crew were all dressed in their best, and the Serang and Tindalls ready with their silver whistles to pipe him up the side; but, to the surprise and dismay of all on board, his Excellency scrambled up the side of the ship near the main chains, and having reached the gunwale he remained there seated, staring about him in amazement, and looking far more like a great baboon than a Governor! At length, gathering his dress, a piece of silk, several yards long, (which with a piece of the whitest book-muslin twisted into his hair, was all he wore) round his body, he let himself, by the aid of a rope, carefully down upon deck. His sword-bearer, with his sword of office, studded with rubies, followed him about wherever he went—guarding him most attentively. We gave them a tiffin in the Cuddy consisting of treacle, sugar, biscuits, jams, jellies and tart fruits, boiled down with loads of sugar, which was served up in a large soup-tureen with a silver ladle. Blessings on their sweet teeth—they did justice to the dishes! Finger-glasses had been placed for their use, but mistaking their purpose they converted some of them into drinking cups, and in others eat their sweetmeat and food, with which they mixed Allsop’s beer!

“About 4 o’clock in the afternoon the Butler cleared the table, and brought our own dinner, which consisted of a pair of roast ducks—a boiled hump and sundry side dishes. Several of the Governor’s attendants had remained in the Cuddy watching the proceedings, when the savoury odour of the viands seemed to freshen their appetites, for no sooner had the dinner been laid than, *sans cérémonie*, they lifted the covers and exclaimed, “*Thá Koung-thee! theego lá theego lá, tsa tsa, myan myan!*” —in English—“Oh how good!—come here, come here—eat, eat—quick, quick!” They quickly surrounded the table, and commenced in primitive and very elegant style disjointing the ducks. Four men attacked one duck—each a leg or a wing. Knives, forks and plates were all discarded as unnecessary, except for the hump, upon which they next fell, and then called for a *dha* or knife to cut it. As for the poor ducks, I verily thought they had demolished bones and all—for when all was over the dishes were empty!”

View of Benmore from the river, at high water.  
C.C.





The only objects of interest observable from the schooner's present anchorage are, on the left the king's, or, as it is generally termed by foreigners, the main wharf—a somewhat rude but massive pier, with huge posts, to which a crane is attached at the outer extremity. On either side of this pier is a shed-like building, with the roof ornamented in that manner in which the Burmese appear to evidence considerable taste. It serves to distinguish the building from the ordinary houses, and thus becomes in a measure useful as well as ornamental.

Throughout nearly the whole length of the river-side of the town I observe a number of large and tall wooden posts or piles, which I am told are the remains of old wharfs that the Burmese destroyed by fire after the English left the country in 1826,—so that during twenty years they have not been at the pains of removing the ruins of their own havock. Possibly these posts have been spared for utility, as I observe boats made fast to them, and at first supposed this had been their original purpose.

A little distance inland from the wharf, stands the lofty flag-staff, upon which is seen flying on festival or holy days only, which take place at every quarter of the moon, the white flag of Burmah. In the centre is the figure of a peacock, in black or blue outline—no unfitting emblem of the vanity and pomposity of the national character !

A little further in-land appears the plain wooden spire of the Armenian Church, not very far from which, on the same road is the Roman Catholic Church, whilst in three different parts of the town there are Mohummudan mosques, indicating that intolerance in religious matters, at least, is not amongst the faults of the Boodhists.

My first visit on shore with Capt. G. was to the house of the young Armenian owner of the “Flora McDonald,” Mr. G. S. Manook. This house, which was built by Mr. Sarkies Manook about the year 1828, is perhaps the most conspicuous building on the banks of the river. It consists of six compartments in a line, each with a gable end to it, and the whole is constructed of wood. The windows have venetian shades, like our Calcutta houses, but not an atom of glass. No glass, it appears, is permitted to any other dwelling in Burmah than the king's palace ! Liberal *enlightenment* ! If the outside of the building excited my surprise, the interior yet more. The division next the river, which we entered at once through a little portico from the steps of the wharf, formed one immense apartment from end to end, and more resembled a fine booth than any part of a dwelling house. Wood every where—nothing but teak wood,—floor—walls, and roof, and not an atom of paint upon any portion of it. As no man considers himself at home in a place like this, and the nature of the dwelling, and dampness of the atmosphere for a considerable period of the year, during the rains, are detrimental to all articles of furniture or ornament, so no one appears to dream of having more household conveniences about him than are absolutely indispensable. Hence in this apartment, a table, with glasses, and refreshment upon it, a plain couch, a few chairs, and half a dozen coloured French prints on the plank walls, formed the only contents of the room to save it from the charge of entire emptiness. This apartment serves as office, promenade, or lounging and gossip room to all comers—English commanders of

ships in the river,—Armenian—Mogul, or Burmese merchants who may have business to transact with Mr. Manook.

The Armenians are said to have first settled in Burmah at some period during the Taline dynasty. They had a church at Syriam and a burial-ground. The former was burnt in the war with the Burmese, but the latter is still preserved, though in ruins. After the war, Alompra, the Burmese conqueror, transferred the Armenians to Ava and Rangoon. In the former place their numbers are said not to be more than thirty.\* In Rangoon the Armenian population is about eighty-five persons;—and I may here mention that *all* children, of whatsoever parentage, born in Burmah, become subjects of the Burman King, and are not permitted to leave the country without special sanction, or leaving personal security for their return! This is more particularly enforced in respect to females, and hence the daughters of the Armenian community born here are, as it were, bondswomen to the soil. The policy of this measure appears to be that of possessing in the persons of the female members of a family, that security for the fidelity and presence of the men in time of need which—from the occupations and habits of men, who are not prohibited moving about—could not otherwise be obtained. In reference to the Burmese and Talines themselves, should this security be forfeited during time of war, the penalty is enforced with uncompromising rigour and barbarous cruelty—the sacrifice, in short, not merely of property, but of the lives of women and children or aged parents! †

From Mr. Manook's long-roomed house we proceeded through jungly by-ways and narrow lanes, skirted with Burmese huts and non-descript kind of houses, of brick, wood and thatch, much resembling some of those comfortless looking abodes of poor Moguls and Jews about the neighbourhood of the Calcutta burra bazar, to the residence of Captain Hugh Brown, merchant, post master, and in short,—besides Capt. Crisp, junior, and a European ship-wright, engaged in building a ship for the king,—the only English resident in the place—who gave me a cheerful welcome to Rangoon. With this gentleman at present resides Mr. Hugh Speirs—a British merchant from Umarapoora, to whom I had been favoured with a note of introduction from Maulmain. The only advantage I had desired, or anticipated deriving from these introductions was, that of aid in my pictorial gleanings; but my countrymen in these out-dwellings in the east, I find, are too hospitable to be contented with any limited exercise of their attentions; for on coming away, Capt. Brown gave me a friendly and hearty invitation to come on shore and take up my quarters with him during the schooner's stay in Rangoon—which invitation I have accepted.

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\* Now, unfortunately, all prisoners in the hands of the Ruler of Ava.

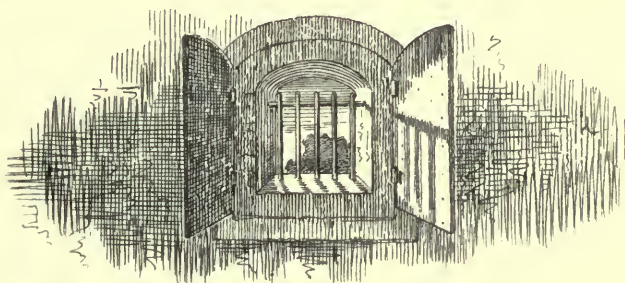
† No sooner had war been anticipated, or declared by the late blockade under Commodore Lambert, than hundreds of unhappy and unwilling, and to the English friendly Burmese (perhaps I should say Talines,) were compelled to throw up their employments in Maulmain and return to their families in Rangoon, or other parts of independent Burmah, to serve, as soldiers, those for whom they had no love, and to be slaughtered, it may be, by the guns of those whom they would gladly have served.





August 14th.

Capt. B.'s house, which is situated in the first street that runs parallel with the river, is the very reverse in its character to that of Mr. Manook ; for if that be all wood, this with the exception of the roof, which by an odd contrast of material is thatch-work, consists almost entirely of brick, stone and iron ! It is indeed one of the most solid and substantial edifices I have met with in India. From the foundation upwards it is of massive brick-work—below, full three feet and a half in thickness, but decreasing in the upper walls. The floors and steps, both above and below, are laid with stone slabs, whilst the strong iron doors, with their massive fastenings, and the small embrasure-like windows, with their iron bars, and solid



iron shutters, more than any thing else, lend to the house an appearance, altogether, that has gained for it an appellation very little in harmony with the spirit within. "I say, Jack, (said one of a crew of sailors passing one day,) do you see that ere prison?"—"Yes (was the reply), and I'm blowed if there a'nt the old jailor with his red night cap!"—pointing to a gentleman seated in the verandah, wearing, it may be, the elegant and insulted crochet-work of his wife or lady-love. The building has retained the name of "the Prison" ever since !

The necessity for this strength of construction it appears is two-fold,—the dread of fire, and the fear of thieves ; for so very liberal—so very cautious and careful to prevent that crime for which their punishments are so horrible, are the Burmese authorities in Rangoon, that run-a-way convicts from Maulmain, with the very brands of "Murder" or "Thug," or what not, upon their foreheads, are permitted to stroll about the streets, and at night, therefore, are at liberty to exercise their skill and daring upon the houses of the inhabitants. Hence only a few days before our arrival they had nearly effected an entrance into Capt. Brown's office below-stairs, having broken away about three feet of the wall, massive as it is, when they must have been disturbed, and made off.

There is an amount of interest, however, attached to this house which may be considered historical. It is believed to have been built by an Armenian gentleman of the name of Arratoon Avitick. At the time of the war it was inhabited by Capt. W. Roy, an English merchant of Rangoon. The very first shot, a 36-pr., fired from the "Liffy" man-of-war, on coming off the town, passed through the whole three walls of the upper story of the house, entering at the back, and falling

amongst a group of Burmese who had sought shelter on the other or front side of the building. Another shot did its owner far better service. When the English fleet arrived off town, Capt. Roy was, with others, confined in the Custom House, a close prisoner in irons. On the commencement of the firing the whole of the prisoners, heavily ironed, were hurried off to the place of execution. Capt. Roy is said actually to have been on his knees, preparatory to execution, when a shot dropped amidst the unhappy group, and so terrified their captors as, most providentially, to interrupt the work of death, and either then and there, or very shortly after, led to the rescue of Capt. Roy and his companions.

The house was subsequently the head-quarters of General Sir Archibald Campbell until his advance with the army in December 1824 or January 1825, and afterwards became the property of Capt. W. Speirs—at present in England.\* In 1841 the building was almost entirely destroyed by fire, when the upper part or third story, tumbled down. This story was never rebuilt, nor was it until 1844 that the house was thoroughly repaired, and to do this, not only had special permission to be obtained from the king at Ava, but a great deal of expense and much trouble incurred in order to obtain that permission, so jealous is the Burmese government of Europeans having puckah dwellings!†

\* Capt. Thos. Spears, now, unhappily, (September 1852,) a prisoner in irons in the hands of the Burman King at Ava, is nephew to Capt. Roy.

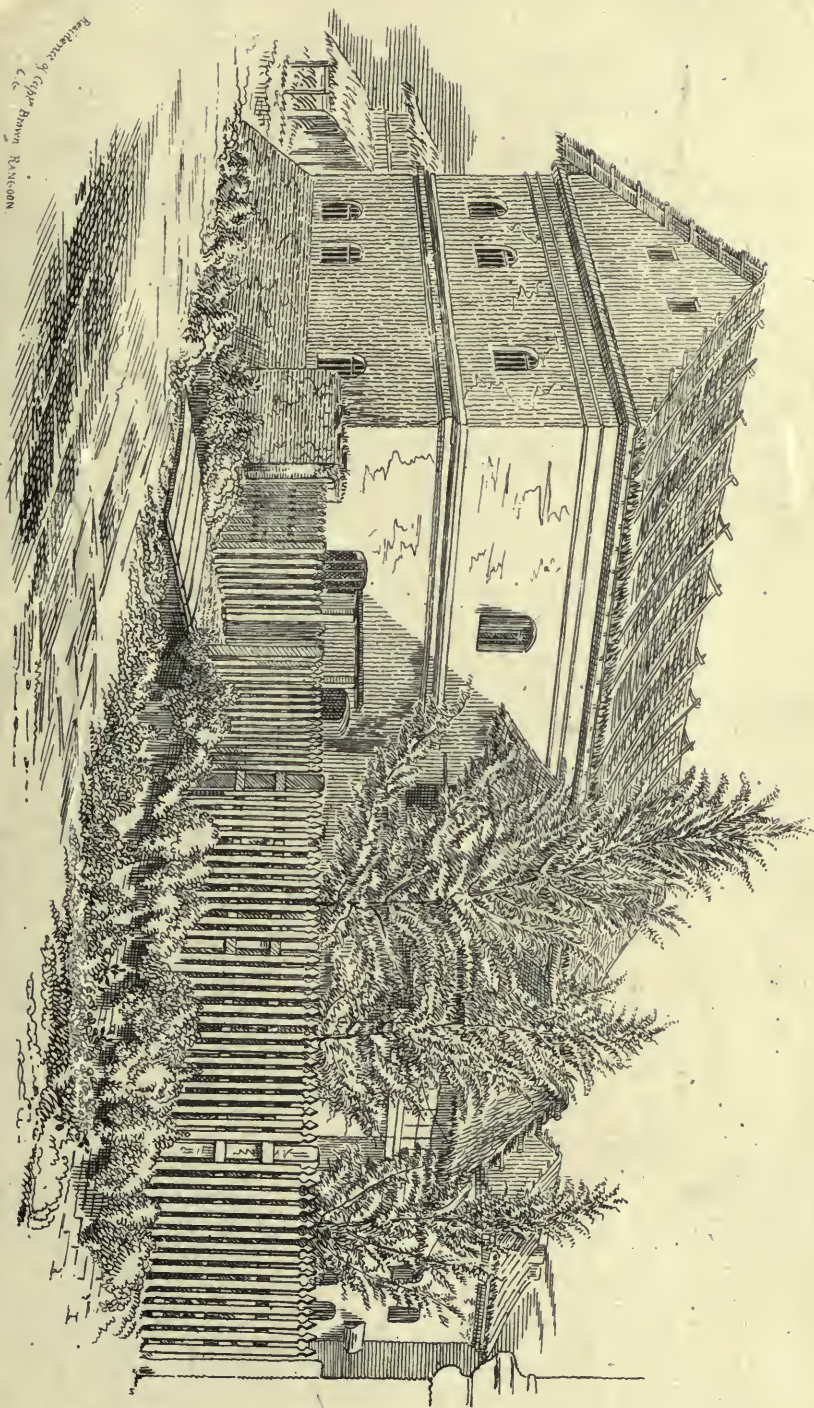
† When the existing hostilities commenced in Rangoon in January of the present year (1852) this house was occupied by a Mr. Birrell. Previous to the arrival of the New Governor, upon whose *supposed* pacific instructions, hope had been entertained of an amicable adjustment of differences,—“the conduct of the late Governor (states Captain Latter in his Narrative\*) had been most insolent and irritating. Among other acts he had appeared in the town, inflamed with wine, and had threatened to murder all the European inhabitants on shore. He had also endeavoured to burn down the town; and the subordinate Governors, collecting more men than he had, prevented his doing so. The European inhabitants had, consequently, determined, at the first alarm, to take refuge in the house of a Mr. Birrell, one of their number, which being capable of defence, Mr. Birrell had placed a small 2-pounder gun on the landing inside, and had erected a large bamboo on the roof, so as to hoist a signal of distress, if necessary, for the information of Commodore Lambert.”

On the arrival of the new Governor it was soon discovered that he had adopted the same line of policy as his predecessor. The former “at once (continues Capt. Latter) issued orders to prevent any communication of British subjects on shore with any vessels in the river; and it was only by means of the boats of the Squadron, which he did not dare molest, that any information could be received. The subject of the gun and pole at Mr. Birrell’s house he took up at once, threatening to punish him if they were not instantly removed. Mr. Birrell said that he must receive the Commodore’s orders on the subject. Commodore Lambert ordered him to say, that the pole had been merely erected to hoist a signal of distress, if necessary, and the gun to defend himself, till he could be relieved from the Squadron, as the former Governor had, in the most public manner, threatened to seize the European inhabitants, and, if the Squadron did not leave, to massacre them. But that, as the new Governor had arrived, charged, from all that could be learnt, with friendly and peaceful intentions, the Commodore had directed him to remove them, and he felt every confidence that the new Governor would give protection to the British inhabitants.

The gun and pole were removed accordingly; but in spite of this courteous act on the part of the Commodore, the new Governor proclaimed, by beat of drum, and also served a written notice to the principal Moguls and other British subjects, that they were not, on pain of death, to hold any communication with the vessels in the river.”

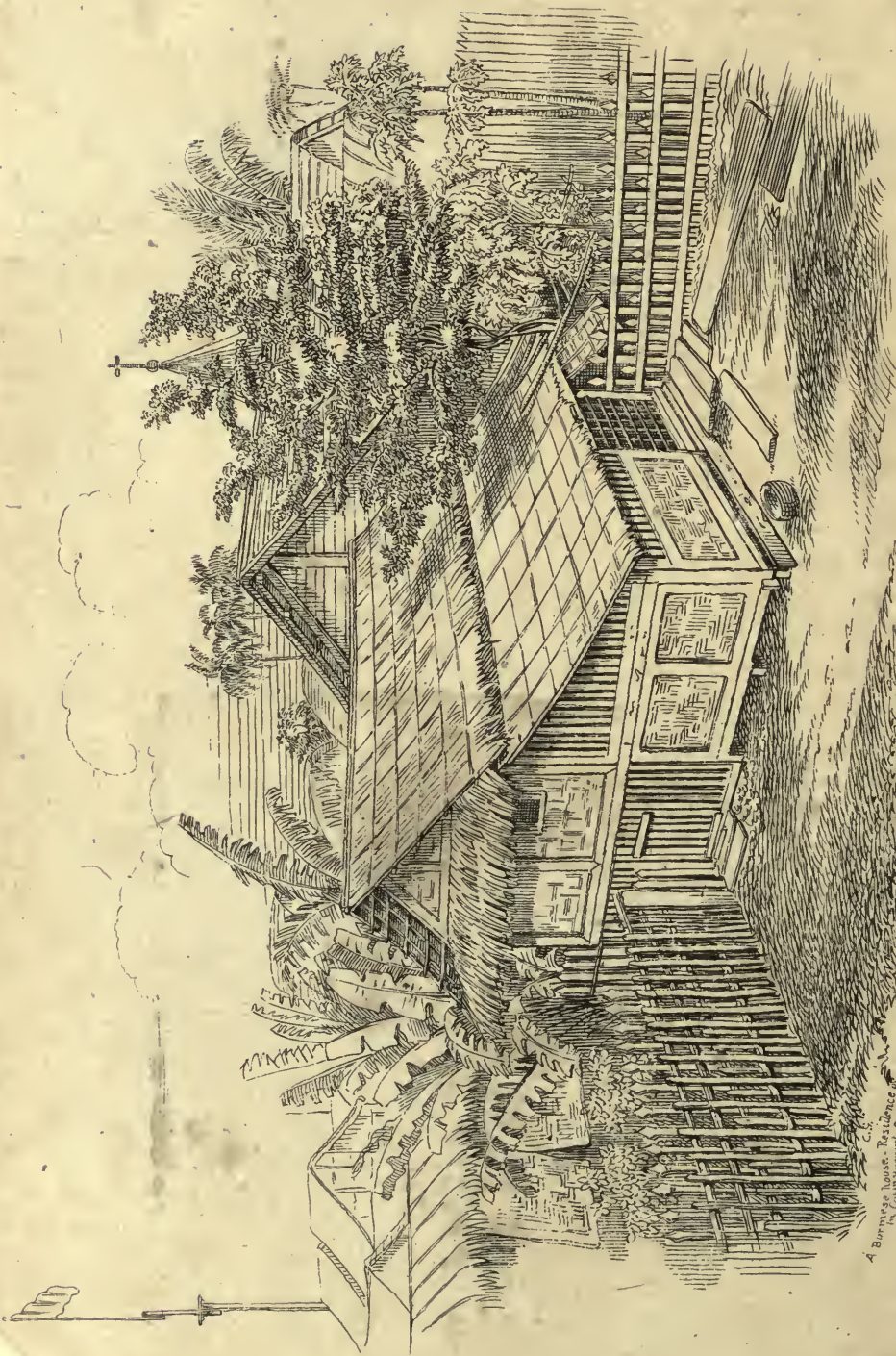
\* *Papers relating to Hostilities with Burmah—Presented to Parliament June, 1852.*

Residence of Capt. Brown  
C. Co









A Burmese House. Residence of S. Road Service.  
in Upper Burma Company, 2 KANGDON.

Attached to the building, and next to the road, is a very small bit of garden ground, fenced in with paling, evidencing all that neatness of carpentry in its appearance which the Burmese workers in wood, next to the Chinese indeed, so very much more exhibit than the Bengalees. As to the garden, beyond two or three fir trees next the road, it contains little or nothing to save it from being mere waste. My remark when speaking of Mr. Manook's room applies in much the same way to people's gardens. Where they do not feel themselves at home they cannot 'fash' themselves with things to which the spirit of homeliness is especially needful to permit their feeling any interest in them. They care no more about dahlias and sweet-peas than the ghost of Don Guzman did for ducks and green ones. Hedged about as they are by such vexatious restrictions and annoyances as I find exist from various official quarters, it would hardly surprise me to learn that special licence must be obtained from the king to cultivate a wall-flower or plant a marigold, lest the one be construed into a *chevaux de frise* on a rampart, or the other prove exclusively a royal prerogative!

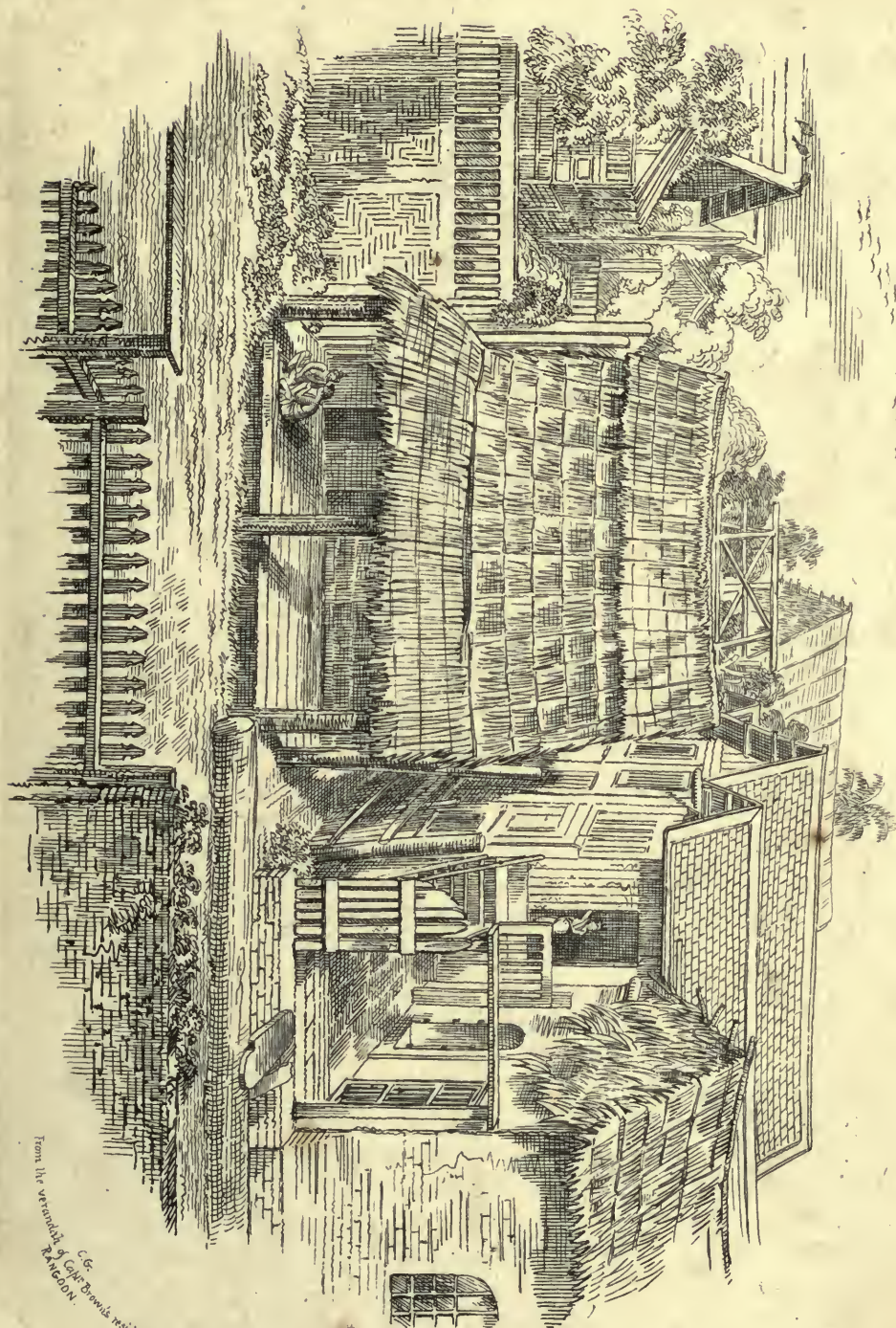
From what little I have yet seen or heard, I do not gather that the Burmese themselves, though very partial to roses, with which they are fond of decorating their beautiful black hair, are much given to garden cultivation. My host tells me that they are too lazy to attend to any such occupation. Gourds and fruit trees, particularly the puppia, I observe cared for, or at least planted and preserved by enclosure, but nothing in the shape of flower bed or decorative shrub. All appears to be jungle, that flourishes like the thorns and thistles in the "field of the slothful." This is perhaps the more singular because in other matters,—the formation of their pagodas, their priests' houses, ziyats, and many of their own dwellings, there is very far from want of good taste exhibited. Of this, in one corner of my host's garden ground, or compound, there is a fair illustration in a hut, the dwelling of a head-servant, of which the pencil will give you a better idea when we meet. I cannot help remarking, however, its vast superiority to any of the native bungalows in Bengal. It conveys as superior an idea of comfort *within* as of neatness *without*. Instead of the four shapeless khoontees or corner-posts, with mud floors and mud walls, with holes for doors and windows, covered probably with no better than a mat to keep out wind and water, here, favoured of course by the comparative cheapness of timber, is a house having all the neatness in its exterior of an English cottage,—formed of well cut and trimmed posts, beams, and planks—the latter so judiciously and tastefully economized in their arrangement as to form frame-work in which mats of very neat workmanship are securely and neatly panelled. The floor is raised from the ground in a much less degree than the generality of Burmese houses, yet sufficiently to admit the air passing beneath. What an advantage would it be to the poor Bengalees could they be either induced or assisted—nay if practicable I can't see why they should not be assisted and compelled also—*pro-bono-publico*—to build their huts with raised bamboo floors likewise, (which might be clayed over) instead of their sleeping on the earth with nothing but a common durma mat to protect them from the miserable and numerous disorders to which damp, cold, and impurity expose them. I feel convinced that a very large proportion

of the sickness prevailing amongst the natives in Bengal might be saved, were some simple changes and improvements introduced in the construction of the dwellings of the poor. As it is, they are starved to death with damp and cold in the rains and cold season, and suffocated to a like end in the hot. Who that has entered a Bengalee hut, to visit some poor sick creature that has probably been in greater want of *air* than *medicine*, has not felt inclined to be almost as ill as the poor patient, and compelled to stand at the entrance in order to avoid being stifled? If "a fat kitchen maketh a lean will," I'm sure a comfortless town maketh a fat hospital.

A few words more on the Burmese hut. There are two features about it which, more than its neatly and squarely thatched roof, fastened down with laths of bamboo, give to the place quite a European aspect,—the grated doors and neatly fashioned garden rails. These are so Englishified that one feels inclined to look closer to be assured there are no Crocuses or Violets peeping from behind them!

On the other side of the road, precisely opposite to Captain Brown's gate is a scene very characteristic of the motley appearance of Rangoon streets and dwellings. There is such an absence of any thing like life or business animation—such an unintelligible silence—people are so little seen during the day-time, that you are puzzled to imagine who or what they are who tenant the buildings, or how they live. There is a wooden house on one side, attached to and in front of which is a brick godown, with a straw roof, but having similar prison-like doors and windows to those in the dwelling of my host here, and of course with a similar view. I have had as much difficulty in catching sight of the tenant of this house (who I am told is a Mr. George, an Armenian merchant in a small way,) as Mr. Geoffry Crayon had of his mysterious neighbour the "stout gentleman in No. 1." At the door, is a fine spar of teak timber, thrown down and left there, apparently, for no other purpose than to form a step on which to rest a plank as a bridge over the gutter. It certainly does not require looking far here to be assured you are in a timber country. Next to this house is a confused jumble of thatched huts and wooden tenements, enclosed by wood and mat fences that exhibit a neatness of construction quite out of keeping with the dirt and jungle that environ them, but in which it is difficult to discover entrance or exit to the dwellings.

Just over Mr. G.'s house, in the distance is seen the gable end and thatched roof of a building, looking more like a large barn than what it one time was—the "British Residency!" Had it depended upon the good will of the Burmese king, Tharawadee, whose known object was, so to disgust the Resident as to drive him from the country, it would have been not only a barn in its external appearance, but in its *internal provision* also. Major McLeod, who on Colonel Burney's retirement (after some very strong but useless appeal to the Government) became the acting Resident at Ava, was, they say, fairly *starved* out of the place! Tharawadee, amongst other annoyances and impediments to his stay at the capital, resorted to the contemptible measure (though indirectly done) of stopping supplies of food for the Major and his escort; and as these annoyances were followed up with systematic perseverance, Major McLeod was compelled, at length, on these and other threatening accounts, to withdraw, not only from Ava, but the country. There is



From the residence of Capt. Dowling, residence.



no doubt he must have had enough to bear, as Government subsequently wrote Major M. a handsome letter, commending the temper and judgment which had marked his intercourse with the Burmese. It was a time I believe at which there was more than ordinary desire to avoid seeking a quarrel, and neither Col. Burney nor Major McLeod had the promise or the prospect of receiving the slightest support had they remained to risk yet grosser insult.

From that time to the present there has been no Resident in Burmah (though the treaty strictly provided for one) and the building I have alluded to has since, I understand, been used as a kind of Auction mart.

\* \* \* \*

In the evening I joined my friends in their customary stroll to the common resort of all Rangoon and shipping folk, the King's or Government wharf,—or as it is more frequently termed, the *Main*—or by some the *Exchange or Gossip wharf* of Rangoon. I there found more people of various creeds and denominations than I conceived the place to possess. There were English commanders of ships in the river (in all about five or six)—Armenian—Jew—Burmese and Mogul merchants, together with Mundrazee, Chinese, Burmese and other hangers-on of humble degree, to fill up the scene and complete the Babel of tongues, for we estimated the number of languages being spoken on that spot, and at that moment, to be not less than ten.

The wharf, as I have already mentioned, is a rough but substantial piece of wood work, though now greatly out of repair. On either side is a kind of retiring breast-work or wing, with embrasures for guns. During the war it formed the principal battery—(that which opened its “ineffectual fire” on the British fleet, upon its arrival off the town) and was indeed always intended for guns as much as for a wharf. A few yards further in there is a small portion remaining of that part of the old stockade which formed the main gate; between which, and the wharf stands the flag-staff. About one hundred yards up the main road, running from the wharf directly through the town, stands the Armenian church, and next to it the custom-house. The Roman Catholic church is situated probably half a mile higher up on the same road.

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*August 16th.*

Delay in Captain Antrim's departure for Maulmain enables me to add that I have paid my first visit to the far-famed Golden Pagoda of Rangoon, and must indeed say I was amply repaid for the length and wetness of my walk. Mr. Speirs was my companion and guide, and in order to give novelty to the journey varied the homeward from the outward road—thus completing, as I take it, the circuit of the Pagoda, which, with its forest of smaller pagodas, covers a very considerable space of ground.

On leaving the town we proceeded up the Woongee's road, as it is termed, until entering, by a stockaded gateway, what is called the new town. When king Tharawaddee, in 1841, destroyed the old stockade around Rangoon he determined,

it appears, to form a new town immediately contiguous to the Great Pagoda, which was to form its centre, and accordingly began by throwing up a bund, or mud bank. His death, however, appears to have impeded the progress of the work, for beyond this bund, and the stockaded gateways, nothing has been done, and at present nothing appears doing.\* This bund, however, for what reason I know not, is held in a measure sacred—no foreigner being permitted to put foot thereon!

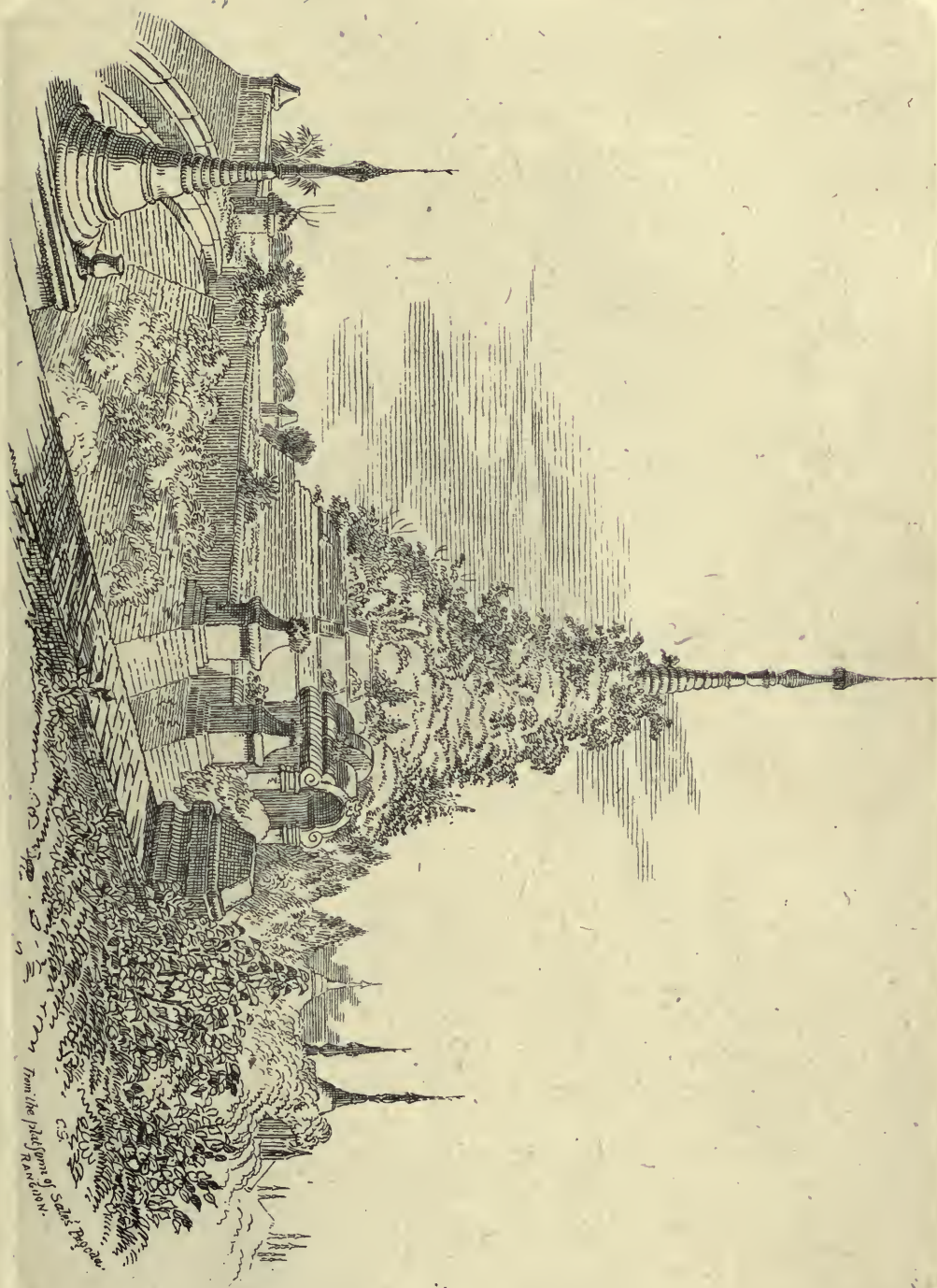
Continuing on the same road the ground became considerably elevated until, amidst a group of similar but smaller edifices, we reached a pair of very large and beautifully picturesque pagodas—one on either side of the road. To that on the right there is attached an amount of interest connected with the war. It is called "Sale's Pagoda," from the circumstance of poor General Sale, then a Major, commanding a portion of H. M. 13th Lt. Infantry, having there held his post, and from thence stormed the Burmese entrenchments. A battery of guns, also, is said to have been planted on the platform or base of the building, which commands an open and extensive range. Here, mounting the platform and looking towards the town, the scene which presented itself was truly, if not magnificently beautiful. The elevation of this pagoda is very considerable, and the extent of scene beneath it, therefore, was very great. On a clear day I am told the Martaban hills are visible. Without their aid, however, here was a sufficiency of material in wood, lakes, pagodas, plains, roads, villages, poongees' houses, embracing also the great Syriam Pagoda in the distance, and a fine river seen through all its turnings and windings till lost in mist, to make a beautiful and imposing scene, refreshing alike to the eye and the mind.

Observing at some distance a whole forest of large trees literally covered with immense white blossoms, I turned in surprise to Mr. Speirs to enquire their name, when he, laughing, directed me to look again, and I should observe them on the wing! My flowers proved to be an immense flock of paddy birds, thousands of which, protected by Burmese law and custom, hold their unchanging and undisturbed abode in that tope of trees.

On the platform upon which we stood were the remains of a small ziyat, which in its elaborate carvings and rich, though now faded gilding, affords evidence of that extreme elegance which must one time have characterized it. My host indeed tells me it was the handsomest thing of the kind he had ever seen. Within it the gallant Major is said to have had his quarters. Sale's Pagoda, however, though very large, and extremely handsome, is perhaps more than rivalled in point of *picturesque* beauty by its companion, on the other side of the road:—the exceeding delicacy of its tapering spire, issuing from out a luxuriant mass of vegetation, in which its base is shrouded, is unsurpassed by anything I have seen in Rangoon. Though the middle portion of the building is thus enveloped in its mantle of ruin, the platform or base, with its parapet, door-ways and flights of steps are in perfect preservation; but here and there, they are nourishing the budding and destructive beauty (alas! that beauty should be so mischievous!) which will in time 'undo

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\* The whole of this bund was faced with timber in the beginning of the present year, 1852.





them quite.' The spire of this pagoda, I am told, is out of the perpendicular, but from the position in which I viewed, and sketched it also, it was not perceivable.

Very close to these buildings, and amidst the group of smaller pagodas I have already mentioned, is one, the iron *Tee* (or umbrella-like ornament that terminates the spire) of which is bent over, very much in the shape of a crane's bill, or a gigantic siphon. This is believed to have been the effect of lightning,—but I am told that, at the extreme point, though I did not observe it, there has by some means been attached to it a *soda-water bottle*!—which leads me very strongly to suspect that the “lightning” has been one of those flashes of merriment that no doubt frequently emanated from the electric spirits of some of the sparks of H. M. 13th Light Infantry! *nearly all Pagodas are tipped or better to preserve for the by*

We now continued our journey towards the Great Pagoda, which is not seen to advantage until approached within about half a mile or so, when the view from the end or turning of the road, which latterly has been a gradual ascent, suddenly opens upon the eye, and strikes you with admiration. The Pagoda, the lofty and far-famed “Shooay-tâgon,” which is gilded from the base to the summit, is built upon, as it is believed, a natural hill, and not, as some have supposed, an artificial mound, because there are numerous hills of a similar kind distributed about the country. The height of the pagoda has by some been estimated at 384 feet from the base of the mound, but Major Snodgrass, I observe, states that this mound or “conical hill” is 75 feet above the road,—that the area on its summit contains upwards of two acres,—that the pagoda is 338 feet in height, and surmounted by a cap (the Tee), made of brass, which is 45 feet high. No doubt he includes this in the general height of the pagoda, which would thus be 413 feet from the bottom of the hill. Certainly I should say this must be the *maximum* of its height. So lofty and so graceful a building, every inch of which is gilt, rising from out a dark dense mass of luxuriant and gigantic foliage, amongst which the peepul, tamarind, palm, and cocoanut are to be found, and indeed almost hide the base of the Pagoda from view, can, you may suppose, be no ordinary sight. The gilding is said to be renewed every eighth year, at an enormous expense, and upon such occasions the Pagoda must indeed, in all the freshness of its refulgency, present a gorgeous aspect. From its present tarnished appearance, I should suppose its term for repairs is nearly up.

The vale of the Pagoda, if I may use so poetic a figure, is covered with low, but luxuriant jungle, which from right to left is studded with stunted palm trees, and a perfect forest of small pagodas. I say small, speaking comparatively, but as many of them are much higher than the ordinary palm trees, their height will not be thought insignificant. On the left, almost hidden by the density of the trees, appears a part of one of the gilded porticoes—the southern entrance to the Pagoda. On the low ground to the right, there is a small portion of the new stockade visible, and at my feet, the road wound suddenly down a declivity through a village or collection of Burmese houses, and several ruined pagodas, that are literally buried in vegetation.

Proceeding on our walk we visited two or three objects of interest in the neighbourhood of the pagoda—amongst which I may mention the “Scotch Lake” or tank, as it is termed, crammed with small fish, and a ziyat that was yet more literally

crammed with marble figures of Guadama, of every conceivable size and some variety in shape or attitude. In the centre, and therefore highest part of the ziyat, was a single gigantic figure of probably twelve or fifteen feet in height, around which are stationed in the attitude of supplication—that is, the hands united and turned upwards, and all with their faces toward the principal figure—numberless rows of smaller images, varying in size from six feet to about as many inches, packed as closely as books on a shelf, and nearly filling the apartment. The collection did not end here—but extended to a remote and gloomy apartment of the ziyat, where one might really conceive that all the figures of Guadama that ever had been chiselled in Ava had, after a certain term of servitude or honour, been here gathered together in one common cemetery. Great numbers of them were mutilated.

We now proceeded round the base of the hill (saturated nearly up to our knees in swamps and wet grass) to the principal (as I understood it to be) or grand entrance, and there commenced a long ascent of steps, covered in throughout its whole length by a carved and richly gilt portico, till we arrived at the base of the Pagoda itself—beyond which, to my disappointment, we were not at liberty to advance. All therefore which from this point I could see of the building was, what appeared to be a very handsome porch or archway, that was one mass of very elaborately carved and gorgeously gilt wood-work. Within, were rows of large candles or lamps burning, attended by the priests,—for I should have mentioned that it was a festival day, when, deserting the town, the whole population, gaily dressed in their best and holiday garb, and carrying their day's food, together with flowers and fruit as offerings to Guadama, are seen in streams wending their way along the several paths to the grand resort—the Golden Pagoda, where we now found them collected in crowds.

Mr. S., who speaks the Burmese language familiarly, here met one of the old priests, who knew him, and promised upon our next visit to obtain the sanction of the head Poongee to our entering the sacred precincts of the temple.

Our backward path—the main or south road, had not much to attract the attention, unless in the immediate vicinity of the great building, where the smaller pagodas upon every hand, might recall the poetic image of the Banyan and its branches, “daughters grow about the mother-tree”—and where also the road, though an acclivity, has nearly all the convenience and ease of a level path, by being formed into a succession of long horizontal steps, or flats, which are neatly paved with bricks. Indeed several of the streets about Rangoon have been paved in a similar manner, but are now greatly out of repair, and in many places all traces of the paving have disappeared.

Our outward road more than compensated for the want of this travelling smoothness by the numerous picturesque and interesting objects which every where met the eye. “The beauty of old men is their grey hairs,” says the Proverb, and certainly, where the legitimate effects of time are not anticipated by licentiousness and riot, or war and wantonness, there is a beauty in old age, whether in beings or buildings, that preserves a very equitable balance between the claims of young and old to our admiration. The beautiful remains of architectural splendour in Athens



The Great Golden Pagoda, from the S.E.



and Rome are probably more admired in their antiquity than ever they were in all the freshness of their newly created glory; and without comparing a cluster of Burmese Pagodas to the marble temples of the lofty Acropolis, by naming them together, I think they both owe an increase of their beauty and interest to the same cause—the hand of time. Straight unbroken lines, smoothness and polish are acceptable and proper enough in a marble toilet-table, or an ivory paper-cutter, but in a large building seem associated in the mind with scaffolding—hods—mortar, and the work of yesterday. Now a venerable ruin calls up none of these classic-



less associations, but appears to be—even as its immediate appearance in reality is—something other than the work of human hands. The ruined and moss-covered pagodas of Rangoon however, have, literally, all the charms of a “green old age”—some of them being almost entirely hidden by rich verdure which has grown over them, whilst from the very points of others, in most fantastic manner, have sprung luxuriant and graceful trees!

From the picturesque, it would be unpardonable to exempt the Kyoungs or monasteries and dwellings of the priests, which, with their conical, double and even triple roofs, and broad eaves, have a great deal of the character of a Swiss cottage, but with an amount of decorative elegance about them which is peculiarly Burmese, and as peculiarly pleasing.

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*August 19th.*

We have actually been threatened with the sweet prospect of a voyage to Tavoy and Mergui for a Cargo of Dorians!—From all accounts of the odour of this most abominable of all strong-scented fruits, no poor hive of bees that ever were smoked by brimstone out of their homes could be more cruelly treated. Indeed if possible, we should be worse off—as we could only escape by drowning ourselves in the sea! To inhabit a small schooner, loaded with a fruit, *one* of which, as we have been assured, brought into the compound, has been sufficient to give a lady, within the house, *a headache*!—Only conceive our fright!—But the threatened affliction has passed over, and we breathe again!

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I can hardly say from what cause, unless, as I believe, the pride, intolerance and avarice of the higher order of Burmese, or those in authority, but there is no friendly or kindly communication whatever between any European or Armenian and the Burmese Governor of Rangoon. I have consequently been disappointed in my desire of obtaining a likeness of him; nor have I found the Poongees or priests, of whose personals I also desired to secure drawings, a whit more come-at-able. My pictorial efforts therefore here are confined to the open air, where I find loads of material to arrest my attention and curtail my walks. Indeed, to do Rangoon justice, if the *town* be destitute of any one pleasing object or feature, the surrounding country, with its indescribably rich verdure, its petty lakes and hills, its innumerable pagodas—some perfect, in all their simplicity yet graceful architecture, and

others in every possible stage of decay,—its ziyats and kyongs, and much more that serves to make up material for the lovers of the picturesque,—form a fair set-off for the imperfections of the town. I boast no skill, as you know, in this department of the pencil, but if we stop here much longer I shall at least be afforded the benefit of *practice*.

When so engaged I am frequently surrounded by the Burmese—not by men and boys only, but women and girls—old and young—who have none of the modest timidity which belongs to the Bengalees, but, looking over my shoulder and elbow—laughing, talking, commenting, and questioning me upon my labours, seem uncommonly amused by what I am doing, which they appear perfectly to understand. In vain I expend nearly the whole stock of my learning upon them in the brief assurance of *Namá-le-boo*, (I do not understand). “Oh (one very sagaciously responds) he does not understand!”—and immediately essays a fresh effort to *make* me understand.

I fear you will think my pencillings uncommonly tinged with Boodhism!—but the fact is, the pagodas are so numerous, and though similar in general form, yet so varied in character and detail, and diversified by the decorative hand of time, that I can hardly pass them by! There are few, if any indeed, of these buildings that do not exhibit *some* evidence of the effects of time. They are, I believe, without any other exception than the Great Pagoda, and a few in which the image of Guadama may be seen in an alcove in the front of the building, entirely solid—the centre being filled up with earth and rubbish. The bricks are very small, and I understand very soft and bad, and the Burmese, they say, are not clever in the preparation of mortar. Their buildings have thus, no doubt, within them the elements or seed of that abundant vegetation which, in an extremely humid atmosphere, so rapidly evolves itself over their surface and destroys them. The only really *new* pagoda I have seen is one entirely in ruins! It was very large, and bid fair to be very handsome, but with the imperfect materials I have spoken of, added I believe to its injudicious commencement just before the setting in of the rains, the whole fabric—after gaining nearly its complete elevation—suddenly sank into ruins! This instance, I understand, is far from rare.

The great pagoda, no doubt, owes some degree of its preservation to its coating of gold, however thin that may be, and the care which is otherwise taken of it, but beyond this, there are few exceptions I believe to the rule that the Burmese never repair—and, what is more, seldom make any effort even to *prevent* the destruction of their works by clearing away (though perhaps an endless task) the vegetable matter which is seen to envelope them. It is not unfrequent, however, that some old people may be found who, residing in the immediate neighbourhood of those pagodas which are of greater repute, or attached to the kyongs or monasteries, claim the merit of being seen to clear away the grass and weeds growing about the buildings; but beyond this the instances are not numerous. The Burmans, like their brother Hindoos of Bengal, consider it more meritorious to erect a *new* building, than to repair an old one; and besides—as the majority of these pagodas are the work of private individuals, and I believe in almost all cases, the pious offer-

From the lower Lake above Bangkok.  
C.S.









14. Outside the  
Monks' Gate,  
Rangoon, C.B.

ings of old age, you may suppose that, as mere monuments, all that was desirable is fulfilled by their completion, and that all interest in them dies with their founders.

Their size and form depend on the means of the builders. Many of the smaller kind are probably not more than twenty or twenty-five feet high, and rise from the bare earth; but the better sort are not only larger but spring from the centre of a spacious platform, raised some eight or ten or more feet from the ground,—surrounded by an ornamental parapet with a very handsome flight of steps, which is disfigured only by the addition, upon either side of the entrance, of a couple of diabolical-looking figures, which I am told the Burmese call “Lions,” but bear resemblance to nothing on earth, unless of some composite order of creation—a kind of cross, in short, between a hippopotamus and a tom-cat,—placed like demon genii of romance, *sejant*, as heralds have it, guardians of the gate. Like the productions of all semi-barbarous nations, the Burmese sculpturings of living beings, or fabulous monsters, are monsters indeed—differing as widely from the winged lions of Assyria, or sphinxes of Egypt, as a Bengalee mud toy from the chiselling of a Flaxman. With this exception, however, it must be conceded that the Burmese are far from lacking taste, simple, yet just, in their architectural designs. Were it otherwise, these pagodas might have been modelled in the shape of a pint pot, or an Englishman’s hat,—(objects of about equal grace and beauty,) instead of being formed after one of the most symmetric and graceful figures,—varied with so much judgment and taste as to prevent its extreme simplicity being chargeable with naked tameness. Hogarth, in his “Analysis of Beauty,” says that “the art of composing well, is the art of varying well”—and I would go the length of challenging approval of these pagodas even on this ground. There is not only a division of the figure into principal parts, the dimensions of which are in agreement with their position, but a skilful sub-division of these into minors, with very little, if any, deviation from the like correct proportion and disposition throughout.

The crowning ornament, or *Tee*, which is made of hoop iron, and ingeniously fringed with small bells that are heard chiming in the breeze, is formed with corresponding taste, and in its graceful and delicate termination might afford English architects an example that puts to shame those barbarous disfigurements (in which the heathen are left to discover christian characteristics!) of *crowing cocks*—*flying dragons*, *weather indexes*, and the like, which may be seen disgracing the spires of some of our Protestant churches. In our desire to avoid the semblance of error in doctrine or practice—the substitution of form and externals for the spirit of devotion,—we certainly appear to have gone to the other extreme. The cross, in its multitudinous and elegant varieties of shape, formed an ornament as tasteful in character as (confined to the steeple) it was innocently emblematic of the great event on which Christian doctrine and Christian hopes are based, and in its total abolition we are like one who, discarding a baneful potion, has, in his terror, flung away the harmless and beautiful chalice which contained it. As well might we at once hurl down the steeple because it towers over a St. Peter’s, or reject every existing form or mode of Church, Chapel, Bible or Prayer meeting, because they have, in some way, existed in connection with the ceremonials of Rome.

August 22nd.

The departure of the 'John Hepburne' in a day or so, enables me to add to my epistolary greetings from Burmah.

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Despite the smallness of the community or our numbers here, you must not suppose that we are without social if not gay doings, to relieve the monotony of our lives. Mr. Manook this morning invited us to form a *pic-nic* party out at the lower lake, where, despite rain during the early part of the day, we managed to pass the time pleasantly enough.

That you may understand, however, how *pic-nic* parties can be managed in Burmah in "spite of wind and weather," I should tell you that throughout the whole neighbourhood of the Great Pagoda, in particular, for miles around, the Burmese are in the habit of erecting very picturesque wooden buildings (which I have already frequently named though never described) termed *Ziyats*, or places for



"resting and eating," where the periodic devotees or visitants to the pagoda can, without "let or hindrance," tax or fee, accommodate themselves with lodging for the day. Hither, upon holiday or festival occasions (of which there are four during the month) laden with their boxes of provisions, fruit, and what not, men, women, and children may be seen wending their way in streams, congregating and making themselves happy,—a thing which no people seem better, or out of more simple elements to do, than the Burmese, who, notwithstanding a despotic, tyrannic government, appear to be an essentially happy and contented people.

Now if Christians, Jews or Turks, will but select for *their* "*pic-nic*" times those days not devoted to Burmese festivities, they will find these *Ziyats* empty, and as much and freely at *their* service, as they had been of the most devoted of the dis-

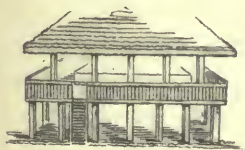


2424  
Zayat and Ruth  
N.W. corner of the lake. Rangoon.  
C.S.



ciples of *Guadama*. Certainly, you will say, the Burmese must be an oddly inconsistent people—a strange compound of narrow-mindedness, covetousness and—liberality! They will strain the law to justify extortion; abuse power and authority to levy upon the foreigner unjust dues, fines and forfeitures; and they will set spies and traps in short (though this you will say, and truly, is done in the great metropolis of England!) to tempt infringements of the law in order to make opportunities of inflicting penalties—and all for self-aggrandizement; and yet, despite their pride, which might be thought sufficient to bar such an indulgence,—here they permit the same foreigners to occupy these buildings, devoted to purposes connected, in a measure, with their devotional occasions—without hindrance, rent or fee, and under their very roofs to consume the meat of animals the slaying of which is forbidden in Burmah, and those liquors, the importation of which is unlawful. It is, I suppose, only an illustration of the fact that as private individuals (by whom these Ziyats are erected) not spoiled by the possession of power, or connection with government officials, (corrupted by the pernicious system of receiving little more than a nominal salary, and being left to provide their own emoluments by unchecked impositions and exactions,) they are an unprejudiced, liberal minded, good-natured set of fellows!

Thus, then, taking care to avoid both Burman and Moslem holiday, Mr. Manook had selected a favourite and oft-visited Ziyat, at the summit of an eminence at the margin of and over-looking the “lower lake.” A Ziyat may



be described in four words as a *double platform roofed in*: but it would be slighting them to say so little. The first, or lower platform, to which there is of course a flight of steps, is raised about seven feet from the ground upon massive teak pillars. The second platform, which may be termed the dais, is smaller by about six feet on all sides than the first,

and raised therefrom about two feet. Both are enclosed by boarding of about the same height; but in some of the handsomer structures either by elaborately carved work or neatly turned rails. These matters, together with external form and dimension, are regulated entirely by the taste and means of the builder—for I should mention, that they are all the voluntary work of charitably-disposed folks. A Ziyat may be known in the distance by its double roof, but some would appear to be honoured with a third roof, and a spire above that, after the manner of the pagodas. Our host, with due care for the comforts of his guests, had very properly, the night before, sent on a supply of mats, pillows, books, newspapers and what not, so that on our arrival we found ourselves not altogether in an empty house. Tiffin materials also you may suppose were not forgotten, and at 4 o'clock an excellent warm dinner arrived, to the good cheer attending which some amusing little evidence, on the part of one or two of our friends, was not wanting on the way home to shew that ample justice had been done!



As I had not left my sketch-book behind me, I gleaned a greater share of pleasure from the day than any of my companions. Turn which way I would, there was rich material for the pencil. But there was one view which above all others fixed and delighted me. It was one in which even a Turner himself might have revelled, without the aid of Mr. Manook's good cheer. It seemed made on purpose for a picture! In the foreground was a mass of rich bold foliage, that over-hung the water of a still clear lake—the mirror-like smoothness of its surface disturbed only, occasionally, by the leaping fish. In the centre was a small island, that, covered with tree, bush and greensward, might have served to realize the "safe retreat of health and peace" of some "gentle hermit" or Burman Angelina. Beyond this, forming the extreme middle distance, was the margin of the lake, thickly fringed with jungle of bright foliage, in the rear of which was an extensive and gradually rising ground, studded with variously tinted verdure. Upon the highest and most distant portion of this elevated back-ground, was seen, surrounded by innumerable small spires, peeping from amidst the thick foliage, the golden pagoda "towering in majesty" above every thing around it. From this, in itself imposing object, extended a whole line of smaller pagodas terminating on the left of the panorama in the large pagoda, named after General Sale. When I add that a lovely afternoon and a beautiful oriental sunset illumined this scene, you will believe I have not said too much about it.

*August 24th.*

To my great regret Mr. Speirs, whose kind heart, social disposition and dry Scottish wit and humour have frequently made him the very soul of our little party, left us yesterday on his return to the capital—Umarapoora. He travels by boat—the slow but only coach available in Burmah. His trip therefore will be wearisome, and occupy full one month.

Now as there is no object after the pagodas in which the Burmese, I take it, display more taste and skill in the manufacture than their *boats*, and as there is nothing in which I believe they more pride themselves, you may suppose this slow rate of travelling arises entirely from the shortness of hands, and the size of the vessels, because fast government and war-boats will perform the same journey in six and eight days! The number of men generally employed to go the journey in these travelling boats is eight, and the formation of the vessel does not I imagine admit of more. Their length varies from thirty to about fifty cubits, and their breadth from about five to ten feet. They are covered in about two-thirds of their length with bamboo and mat-work, like the Bengal boats, but in a much superior manner, and are of course used not as travelling boats merely but for cargo. The most conspicuous object in the boat is the steersman's seat,—not an old box or a three-legged stool, but a lofty, handsome, and elaborately carved chair, in which the helmsman sits with all the dignity of directorial state.

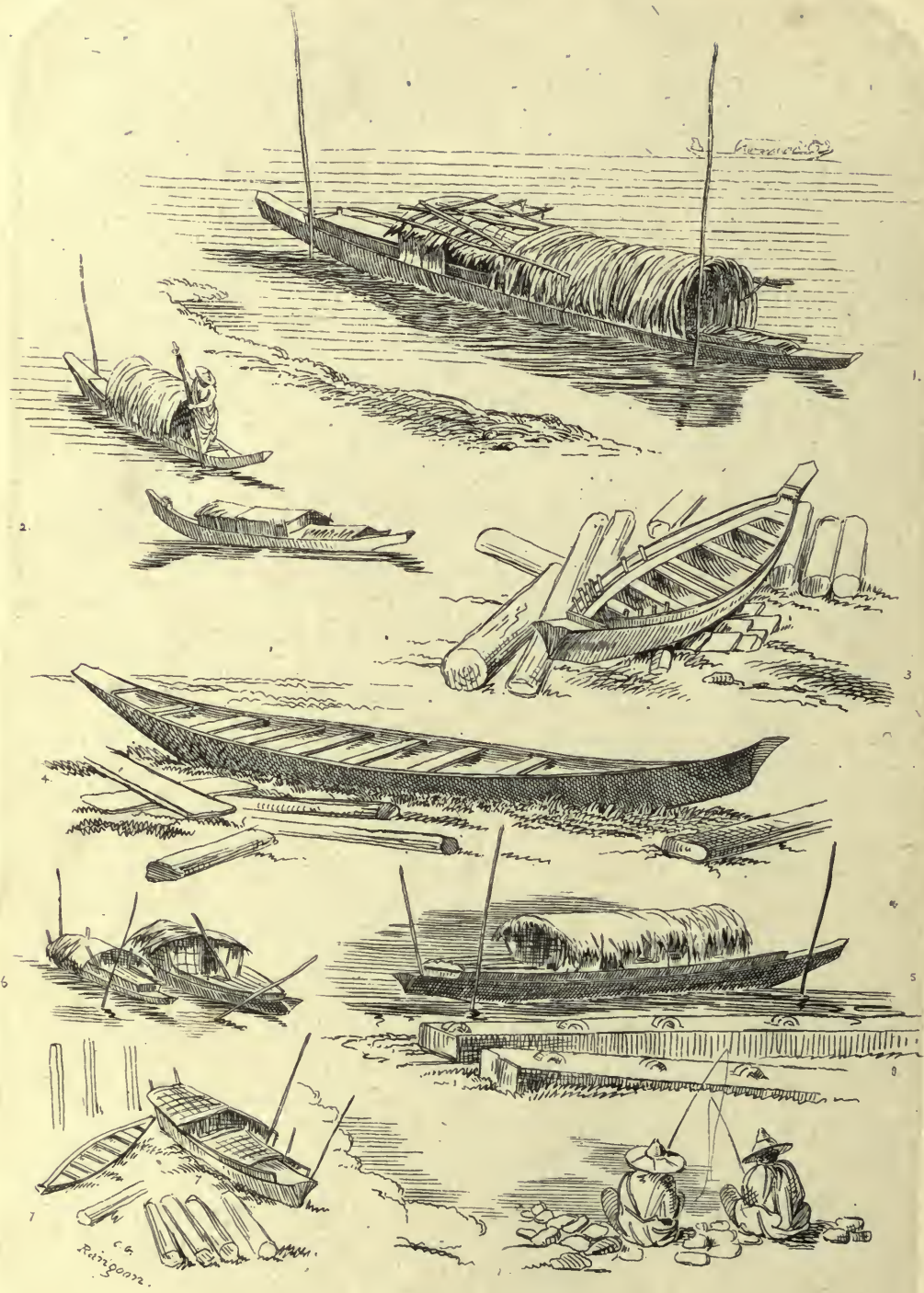
If the rate of travelling in these boats be slow there is certainly a compensation in the cost of passage, which for a Burmese going from Rangoon to Ava is, I



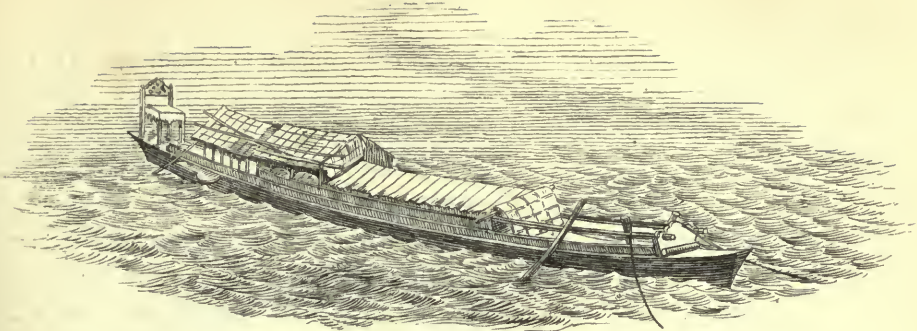


C. G.  
From the Lake above Rastrop.





c. 6.  
Ringspinn.



understand, only about two roopees ! This of course is not the *hire* of the boat but simply the charge for a passage in a vessel proceeding up with goods.

Burmese boats, it may be said, are made where they *grow* ! They are roughly hewn in the forest out of the *solid stem* of a tree, and in that condition, probably with the assistance of bamboos, are floated down to the city, and there further trimmed and prepared. They are then, after the application of earth-oil, *stretched* by means of fire-heat and wedges of wood until the required shape or width is obtained. In larger boats the breadth and capacity are generally increased by the addition of upper planks, or wash-boards, but boats of ordinary or small size have no addition, and are therefore solid throughout.

The timber which is used I find is not the teak, but generally the *Thengan*, a heavy but very durable wood, in great request for the structure of boats. Many, however, are made from the *Pyeema*, which I understand is the *Jarool* of India. There are two kinds of this wood—the red and the white, and the tree, which is very lofty, and bears very beautiful lilac flowers, has the credit of being a great adornment to the woods.

I have had no opportunity of seeing any of the boats on which the Burmese more particularly pride themselves—their war, or government, and race boats. The amazing swiftness of both, however, may be imagined from the fact I have already stated of the former performing the journey to Ava in six or eight days, and is of course accounted for by the great number of hands, who are all athletic and picked men, and the *esprit de corps* which animates them. Race boats are sometimes manned with forty or fifty men, whilst those of war have been known to have as many as eighty ! In boats of this description the Burmese use paddles, but in those employed for ordinary mercantile or market purposes, except in the smaller canoes, they employ oars.



*August 26th.*

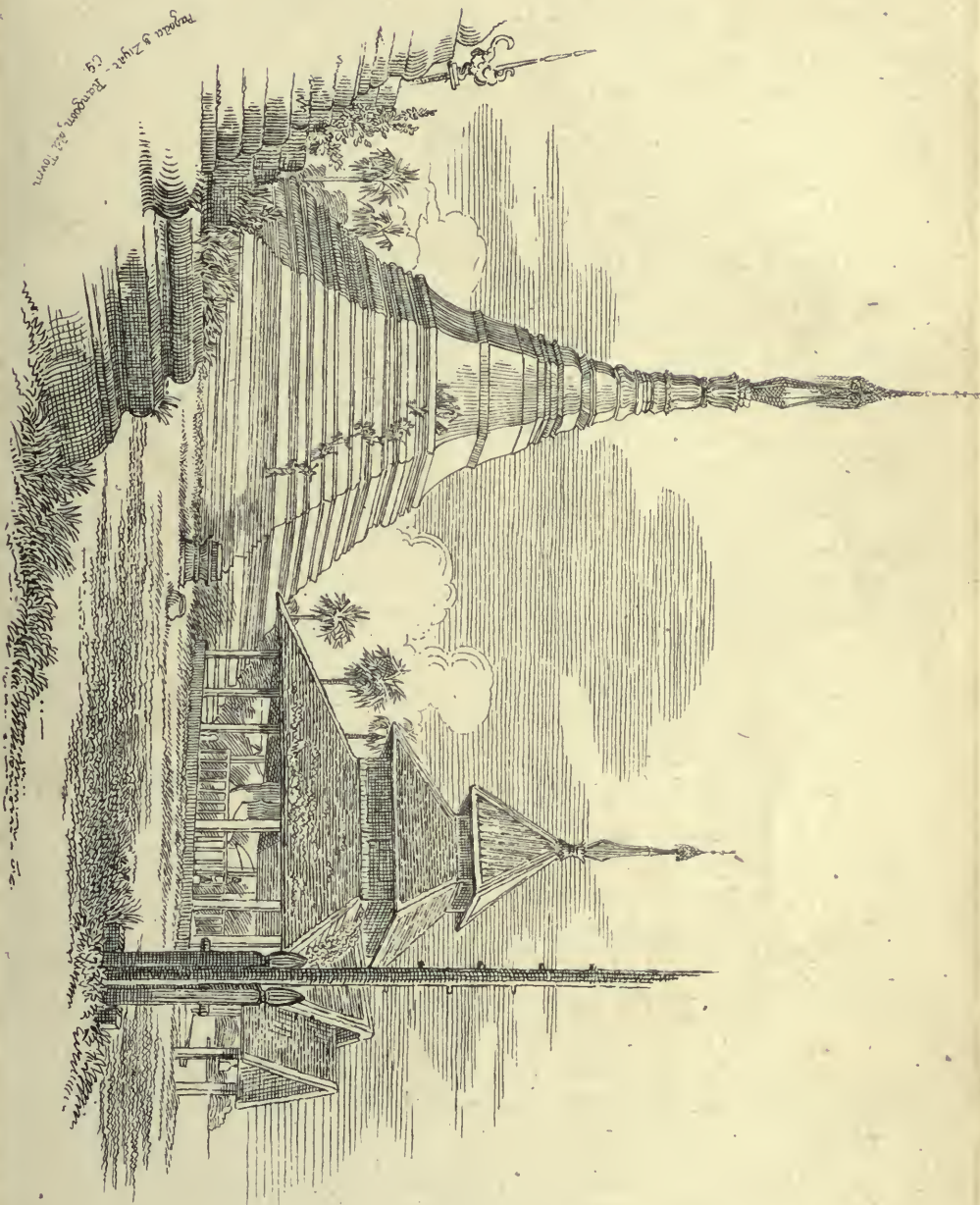
Having frequently observed and admired the distant appearance, off the main road, in the old town, of a pagoda surrounded by dense trees, on the other side of a small lake or swamp, over which a long and very dilapidated bridge was thrown, I determined on an exploration, and this morning having crossed the bridge found myself in the midst of what appeared to be a little community in itself. The pagoda, which was kept in excellent order, differed from all others I have yet seen in its form and details, and was in all respects of a superior order and finish. Close at its side was a wooden *Thyne*, a building varying but little in form from a *Ziyat*, containing a gigantic figure of *Gaudama*; and on the right of where I stood, the noise and hubbub of juvenile voices assured me I was near to a school. Of this I was soon satisfied, for I had barely opened my sketch-book ere about a score of little fellows, some with their palm leaves in hand, issued out, and with eager curiosity surrounded me. Curiosity once satisfied, however, appeared to give place to ambition, for the next minute the whole body of them, scampering off, scrambled up the side of the pagoda, as though with the desire of being introduced into the sketch.

After a little time I observed one of the priests, clad in his long yellow dress, accompanied by a group of these lads, and with a tray carried before him, going the round of the dwellings about, and I immediately had realized to my eye the descriptions I had received of the mode in which the Burman priests, with down-cast eyes, never stopping for an instant, never asking, but in silence, obtain the voluntary contributions of the people to the daily aliment of the Convent. If I did not misinterpret the actions of the lads, they appeared to me to be active in giving notice (probably to their own parents) of the approach of their preceptor. There was of course a *Kyoung*, or monastery, immediately at hand, and you are no doubt aware that one duty of the priesthood is to instruct, free of all charge, the children around, who attend upon them for the purpose daily.

*August 28th.*

As our time for departure is drawing near, I have been rambling with G. through the Bazar. To me it appears a state of things which one could almost envy,—to see a people whose wants, from the highest to the lowest, seem so few! Silk and cotton plaid fabrics, many of which might be mistaken at a first glance for Scotch-plaid, wooden and leather shoes, ear ornaments, betel-nut cutters, and Burmah boxes, might be supposed to be the staple commodities of the country, and to cover the whole wants of the community. As to the boxes, you would really think that all the world and his wife had an endless necessity and demand for them—so exhaustless is the stock! The best, which are thin and elastic, and altogether neater in appearance, are made, it appears, by the Shans or Shians,—a people who, like the Siamese, forming an intermediate link between the Burmese and Chinese, (from whom indeed they are supposed to have been an offset—either emigrants during peace, or fugitives from war,) have not only a great amount of the physiognomic characteristics of the latter people, but probably possess a large degree of their refinement and delicacy in manufactures, in which they have the reputation generally of greatly excelling the Burmans.

Tempel & Zucht -  
Bengal, 1817







The Shians are said to be an intelligent people—but sadly lacking in many of those qualities which are essential to win respect. Their system of education, it would appear, in the monasteries (the discipline in which is, like that in their religion, infinitely more lax than that even of the Burmese), does not tend to make them—that is the men—and as a consequence, the women,—a *moral* people. I have been assured by one who has travelled and lived amongst them that they are immoral to a degree, and never pure in person, manners, habits, or conversation! Delicacy is not known amongst the inferior—and if known not practised among the superior classes. In this

respect they are declared to be very far behind both the Burmese and the Chinese. For all this my informant blames the system of education alone—and not any *natural* or obstinate depravity in the people, or inability to appreciate, when taught, the proprieties of moral and social life.

When, however, their present political position is considered, the only wonder is that they have any education, good or bad, at all! They may be said to be the serfs of vassals. Not only are they under a system of military despotism of their own feudal chiefs, which the worst period of the European middle ages would exemplify, but their fiefs or principalities are again subject to a superior lord—the kings of Burmah and Siam, to whom they carry obedience in accordance with, or proportion to, the distance their countries are situated from the capital of the two kingdoms. Of these the Burmese have by far a greater power over their feudal chiefs than the Siamese, whose kingdom, if it have not been latterly subject to the convulsions of Burmah, has been one in every way less intelligent, and inferior to it.

The old feudal system of England forms a very fair type of that existing amongst the Shians. They are serfs to their hereditary chiefs, of whom three or four form the head families, which rise in gradation to the superior power in the state; and this is carried on progressively from house to house, until the last failing, the power reverts to the eldest son of the first family, and so, in like way, passes through a fresh generation. The confirmation of this power rests with their respective lords—the kings of Burmah and Siam, who, however, seldom, if ever refuse to ratify the chosen authority, as they are chary of interfering with the wishes and prejudices of the people, whom they rather desire to conciliate than to provoke to rebellion.

The Shians, notwithstanding their long depression, are not so lost to the love of

independence as to sit easy under their double—or at least divided, yoke. They are inimical to the rule of those who keep them in subjection, and who, particularly the Burmese, oppress them with taxes of the heaviest kind, and it has only been the interior position of their countries—the inability, consequently, to escape from them, added to the jarring interests of their own chiefs, and the impossibility to rebel with *success*, which has kept them till the present time subservient, though unwilling slaves, to the Burman. Their traffickings to Maulmain, which are very extensive and increasing, have made them familiar with the mild rule and equitable institutions of the British power, and the conclusions they have drawn of these are so favourable that I am assured they would gladly pass from the thralldom of their present state to the peace and quiet they see enjoyed under European rule.

Like most other Europeans, by the way, I have spoken of the people here as *Burmese* without regard to the distinction which exists between the conquerors and the conquered—the real Burmese and the Talines or Peguers, which latter in Rangoon certainly form the bulk of the people. Dressing in the same

costume,  
though  
possess-  
ing, each  
a distinct

language, yet generally conversant with that of the conquerors—professing the same faith, and intermarrying, there must naturally be so much amalgamation in general habits and appearance that a stranger is not likely to observe any distinction. For my own part, I should never, unaided, have discovered any. Yet, judging by the few faces I have drawn both here and in Maulmain, which of course occasioned a more nice observation than one is likely to bestow on a passenger in the street or a crowd, I should be led to say that a strong physiognomic difference exists between the two races. In the Burmese (I speak of the men) there is a squareness and even harshness of feature and expression, indicative perhaps of masculine firmness, whereas in the Peguer the



features are handsomer; there is a smoothness and an expression generally which conveys the idea of amiability or gentleness not characteristic of the Burman.

I have seen, or at least observed, nothing of the poor persecuted Karens here, but if those whom I drew at Maulmain be characteristic of the whole body, I should say they would be a people yet, nay far, more capable of refinement of education. In the Karen woman I drew at the same time, I was struck by the extreme modest timidity of her demeanour. Although with her friends and relations at her side, she became so nervously frightened as to be incapable of standing for the short time I was sketching her figure!

The Karens it appears are divided into two tribes or more by language, and into two classes by habits;—the one termed the civilized, and the other the wild Karen. The difference, however, between either class is not great, and that of the wild serves to exemplify the character, modified of course, of his more civilized brother. He is a man of superstition—believes in spirits, and worships the genii of the woods and waters. He is a wandering character,—seldom, unless circumstances are favourable, occupying the same site for more than one or perhaps three years, till, in short, the ground in the vicinity, the wood of which he fells and burns to enrich the soil for his upland grain cultivation, fail to yield the produce necessary for his subsistence.



Whether we regard them in reference to their character, which is simple and peaceful; or their habits which, besides what I have already stated, are those of living apart and distinct from all other people—excluding all other sects—seldom marrying with strangers, and having a language of their own;—or their traditions, which from a little work I had given to me at Maulmain, I find are of a very remarkable character, and point at some future period to their emancipation from Burman bondage by the “white foreigner,”—the Karens may certainly be looked upon as the most interesting of all the inhabitants of Burmah.

I do not by all this mean to convey to you an idea of a pure, innocent, pastoral, poetical race of “faultless monsters, whom the world ne’er saw,” (at least since—“Man’s first disobedience —”) and should last of all be looked for amongst a nation of uncivilized and untaught beings; but of a people whose imperfections appear, from all I can learn, to be of that character which education soonest has the effect of correcting, and who, probably, from that readiness, willingness, and tenacity of mind which quickly receives impressions, are as apt to pick up the *bad* as the *good*, which may be exhibited to them.

The great bulk of the people, of which the wild form the majority, live retired in the sub-mountainous regions of Siam and Burmah, and of the Tenasserim provinces, nearly as far down as their southern extremity—the river Pakchan. Those living on the borders or frontiers of any kingdom, and especially of the British provinces, are, I am told, less to be trusted than others of their countrymen! Very particularly flattering, you will say! They are said to be greatly addicted to drink—generally speaking idle, and very dirty in their houses and persons. What I have said of the distinction of class, however, must be borne in mind, because amongst the more civilized, the first of these evils, if not entirely eradicated (which it is declared to be amongst those brought under Christian teaching) is very nearly so, and the others, at the least, greatly modified.

With the objectionable habits already referred to, it is not wonderful that they suffer greatly from fever, small-pox, and cholera, which have occasionally committed great ravages amongst them. Upon such occasions, they generally abandon their villages, though even the more settled amongst them have been dwelling there for years; whilst the superstitious fears of the wilder Karens is so great, that they will often fly from their hamlet, if one or more of their people have died in it—albeit of old age!

The dress of the Karens is peculiar, and that of men and women differ but little. It is generally a frock (much like that of an English carter) but of various colours, and woven always by the women. The young men adorn themselves with beads of different colours, and porcupine quills, stuck into their ears, and sometimes their hair, in which also is often and prominently placed a comb of peculiar shape, with an ivory-handle to it. The dresses of the women (who like the men are much fairer than the Burmese and Peguers) are elaborately worked over and interwoven with white and coloured seeds, whilst the covering to the head is arranged in a manner singularly approaching to that of the Italian women.

*Sept. 2nd.*

“ —Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's  
come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou  
varlet; thou art to continue!”

*' Measure for Measure.'*

By way of relief to the monotony of life here I have had an agreeable adventure! Setting out this morning with the intention of reaching the Poongees' houses, which I had selected for my day's sketch, I missed my way, and finding myself within a short distance of Sale's pagoda, resolved to mend my former sketch of it, with which I was not satisfied, and accordingly took up my position on the grassy hollow formed between the road and the bund. Not forgetting the sanctity of this bund, I of course carefully avoided invading it, and having stuck my walking stick into the earth at my side proceeded with my drawing. I had completed about two-thirds of my work, with my mind as free from offensive guile as that very intellectual innocent who assured “His Vorship” that he “was a thinking of nothing,” when turning round at the sudden sound of an angry Burmese voice I found two men standing at my side. Judging by the tone of voice the elder appeared to be interrogating me as to my doings, upon which I shewed him the



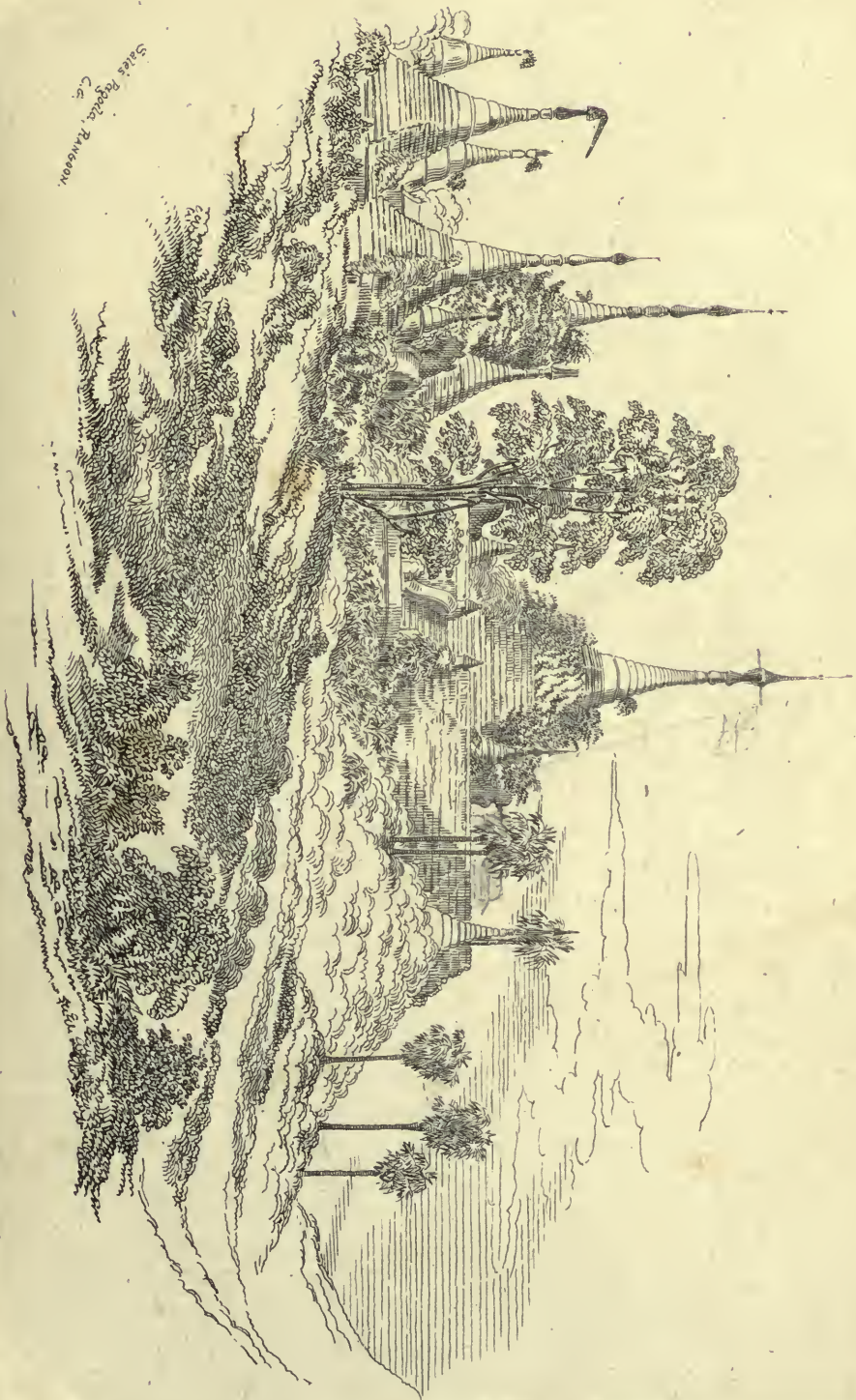
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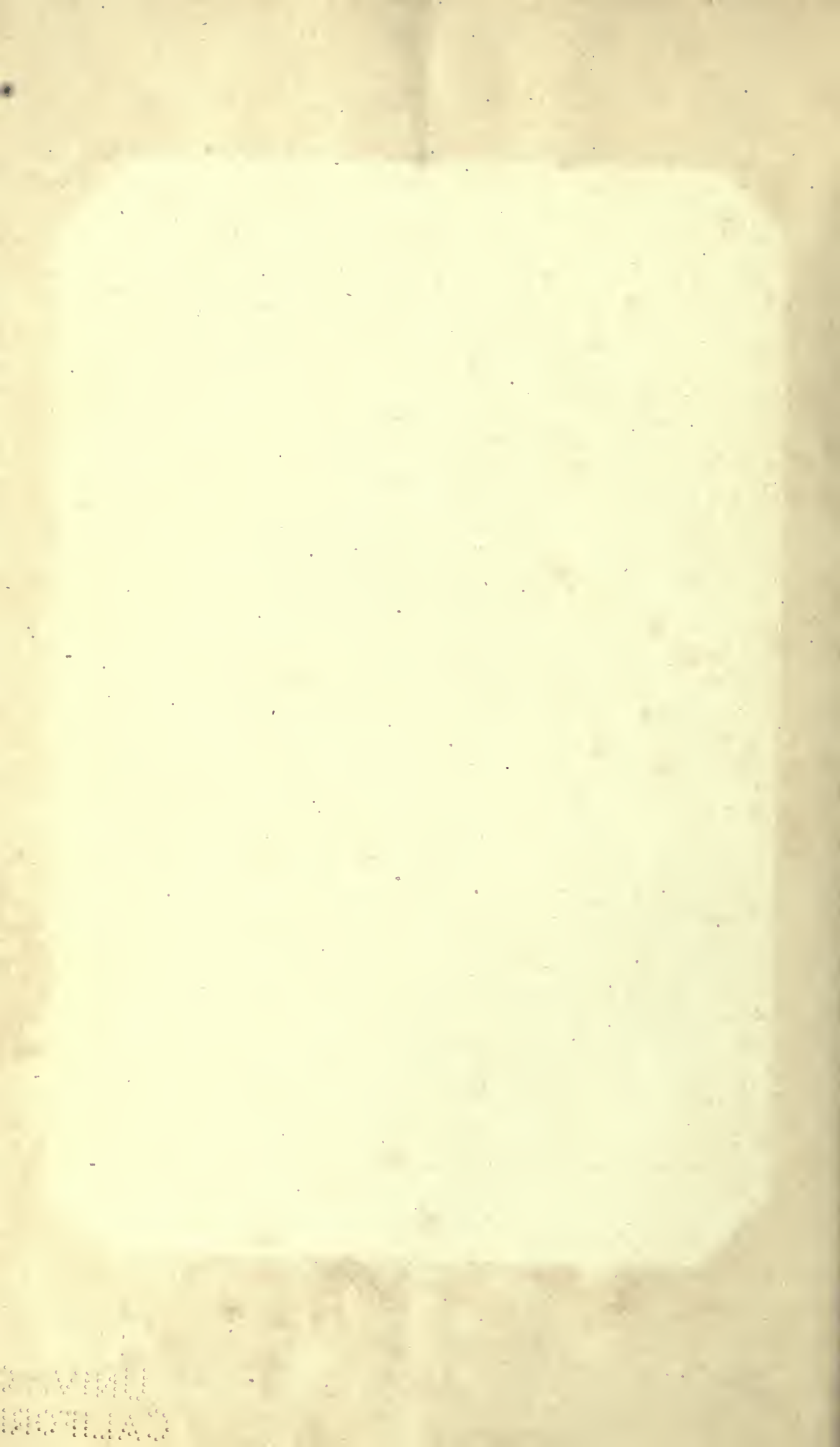
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sketch—repeated the word “Prah” (pagoda) and pointed to the building. This did not mend the matter, and at the same moment I observed that I had been disarmed of my stick, of which my interrogator had quietly possessed himself. Knowing the free and easy manners and curiosity of the Burmese I thought nothing of this at the moment, and was continuing my sketch when the angry tone and gestures of the elder man quickly undeceived me, and the truth became evident at once. In a word — I was arrested as a *Spy* ! — Closing my book I snatched at my stick, but in vain ; the elder man was too smart, and too well flanked by an athletic young fellow at his side. Foiled and mortified I proceeded up the bank, motioning them to follow me, (which they did closely enough !) and on reaching the head of the bank I was turning down the road leading to the town, when my captors, now becoming angry, intercepted me. In vain I repeated my host’s name, motioning to the town. Irritated at the annoyance I made another effort to seize my stick,—but having only one hand at liberty (being anxious to preserve the book which contained the whole of my sketches) I again failed, and on further attempting to force my way down the road the fellows laid hands on me. I managed to shake them both off, and for an instant stood irresolute what to do. Never in my life had I so sore a struggle between temper and judgment ! and it was fortunate for me I set a value on both book and stick, as their preservation had more influence I believe than any other feeling at the moment in preserving that “better part of valour,” discretion. Shut inside the town (of which the elder man proved to be one of the gate keepers) resistance would have been the height of folly, and only have rendered my position the more humiliating and the consequences more serious. So, summoning back my temper, and fortified by “conscious innocence,” I nothing doubted that a few words of explanation would be all that was necessary, and signified my willingness to go with them. Marched through the town like a thief, with a small mob gathering at my heels, you may be sure I felt uncommonly gratified !

At the first place to which I was taken, some incomprehensible difficulty arose and nothing could be done with me there. I was then led off for about a mile further to the court or residence of a Magistrate, who, on our arrival, was asleep, and could in no wise be disturbed ! Tearing a leaf out of my sketch book I addressed a brief note to my host, Captain B. and intimated as well as I could, my desire of its being taken to him, but this was received with insulting indifference and jeers. Here, therefore, amidst a motley assembly of people, exposed, as though I had been a vagabond pickpocket, to the gaze of all comers and passers-by, I had to content myself for about half an hour, until an interpreter, who had been sent for, coming in, addressed me, to my great relief, in Hindoostanee. My indignation thus found a safety valve ; but nothing could be done till the great man made his appearance, and none dared wake him,—*if he was asleep*—for I suspect it was more the pride and sauciness of office which humbling the white barbarian would gratify, that delayed his coming. Whilst thus cooling my heels, I made free to examine an inner division of the Court or room, where instead of the “blocks,” for which I was really looking, in full expectation of being their occupant, I found, within a railed enclosure, a collection of handsome kettle-drums—ranged in a circle, according to

their sizes, which varied from great to small like the Syrinx reeds or musical glasses. Feeling half disposed to strike loud enough to rouse the lagging judge I sounded a few notes, and at a more agreeable time should well have liked to hear the instruments played, as their tones appeared to be singularly pleasing, and the Burmese seem really to have an ear for music; but there was no music, no play in my situation or feelings—it was all vexatious reality; I felt as though my very birth-right had been sold for a penny picture, or a peep at a raree-show, in which by one of those transpositions from *exterior* to *interior*, like clown in the Pantomime, I had become the principal puppet.

Hood gives us a “*Fiddle-D. D.*” minister;—I appeared to be in the hands of a *Hum-drum* magistrate, who like the immortal Dogberry’s man—“knew what belonged to an ancient and quiet watchman,” who thought it more commendable to sleep than talk, but unfortunately for me had not the same scruples about “staying a man against his will.”

The long expected Justiciary, however, with an air of considerable importance, at length made his appearance, and reclining himself on a couch of pillows, I was put to my purgation. In answer to the grave charge brought against me, of which the ominous words “stranger”—“foreign country”—“war between the nations”—“examining—making writings of Forts” and other places, &c. sufficiently mark the character, I explained the intent, meaning, and harmlessness of my doings;—that boats—men’s heads—pots and pans, and whatever other fish, in short, fell to my pictorial net, had very little connection with the grim associates of war;—that in reference to war, the English were not its *seekers*; and that as to Rangoon they had nothing new to learn, seeing that the very officers who had fought, in the wars referred to, had then and there made drawings of nearly the whole place. All this might have been very satisfactory to brighter, or more willing perceptive powers than those of a Burman Magistrate,—but the case was *important*, and must be referred to a higher tribunal! A report was accordingly forwarded to the Governor of Rangoon, and in the mean time pán—cheeroots, and fruit were successively offered me!—Now here was an odd mixture of oppression and hospitality! I really do’n’t believe that Sir Richard Burnie or any of his colleagues who benched by his side would have been half so polite! However, I rejected the offerings, with the assurance I would not eat their bread whilst I was their prisoner.

I was now asked if I could draw animals—but, to shorten my story—my insulted pencil was indented upon to take for them the likeness of a diabolical looking image or toy—half-human, half-demon, about three feet in height, and strung at every joint. Taking my sketch-book, of which, being solid, my suspicious judge, the ignorant savage! had actually torn open all the leaves, I requested them to hang the figure up whilst I drew it. A highly amused mob now surrounded me, and as I observed several women amongst the foremost, I augured well of my case! One can’t associate laughing women and children with anything very serious,—so I gathered hope I should neither be hung nor blocked!

The messenger at length returned with the woongee’s order. A lengthy report was followed by a yet more lengthy debate. In vain my impatience. They were

"very good words" I was assured. Once the Interpreter essayed to inform me the decision—but was instantly checked. A conversation carried on between the official and his counsellors—mostly old men—and an exchange of looks and half smiles, convinced me, as it afterwards did my friends, that there was but one difficulty remaining—the *price of my liberty*. Whether, however, the indignant impatience of my manner, or the impossibility of justifying (a process not often deemed essential, I believe in Burmese minds—official!) any imposition on me discouraged it, I know not, but I was at length informed that my explanation had been so good, and my words so sweet, I was at liberty to go.

I had not got many hundred yards on my way home, marvelling over my escape, when I observed a Burmese running after me. It was the Interpreter—who came to impress upon me a sense of the value of his services—but for which he declared he knew not what would have become of me! Whatever my own debt to him—and no doubt I was at his mercy—I thought it well, by a small *douceur* which fortunately I had about me, to retain his good-will, for the sake at least of those who might come after me. Indeed there is no knowing to what degree or after what fashion I may have been indebted to his good offices. If the archives of a Rangoon Court yielded any "Reports of Cases" or Burmese "Mornings at Bow Street," I might hereafter learn of my figuring in speech much after the style of the tar in Marriots "Pacha of many tales:"—

"What sayeth the Giaour?"

"That he is about to lay at your highness's feet the wonderful events of his life, and trusts that his face will be whitened before he quits your sublime presence!"

*Sept. 3rd.*

Whilst taking my customary stroll on the main wharf last evening, Mr. Gabriel Eleazer, the Archdeacon of the Armenian Church, and a very facetious old gentleman, addressing me in Hindoostanee said, "Do you know how it was they came to do that to you this morning?" I confessed my ignorance. "I'll tell you (said he): it was all for sake of a basket of onions and potatoes!" I declared myself not more enlightened. "You don't understand?—well I'll tell you (he continued); when the English took Rangoon in 1824, the General Sahib [?] and some other gentlemen went over to—(some place he named which I have forgotten)—to see whether potatoes and other vegetables would grow there. In the mean time instructions came from your Government to annex Rangoon, [*Query—Pegue*] but before the General Sahib got back or received the dispatches, it was too late—the Treaty of Yandeeboo had been concluded—the first instructions could not be acted upon—and so you lost Rangoon for a basket of onions and potatoes!"

Whether the old gentleman's story was as accurate as it may be amusing, or what foundation it may have had, I leave to historians of the time to declare.

My good host to-day waited on the Governor, and complained of the annoyance which had been offered me; but all the satisfaction he obtained was the assurance that they took credit to themselves for having let me off so cheaply! The Burman's idea of an annoyance, I suppose, connects itself exclusively with *the pocket*.

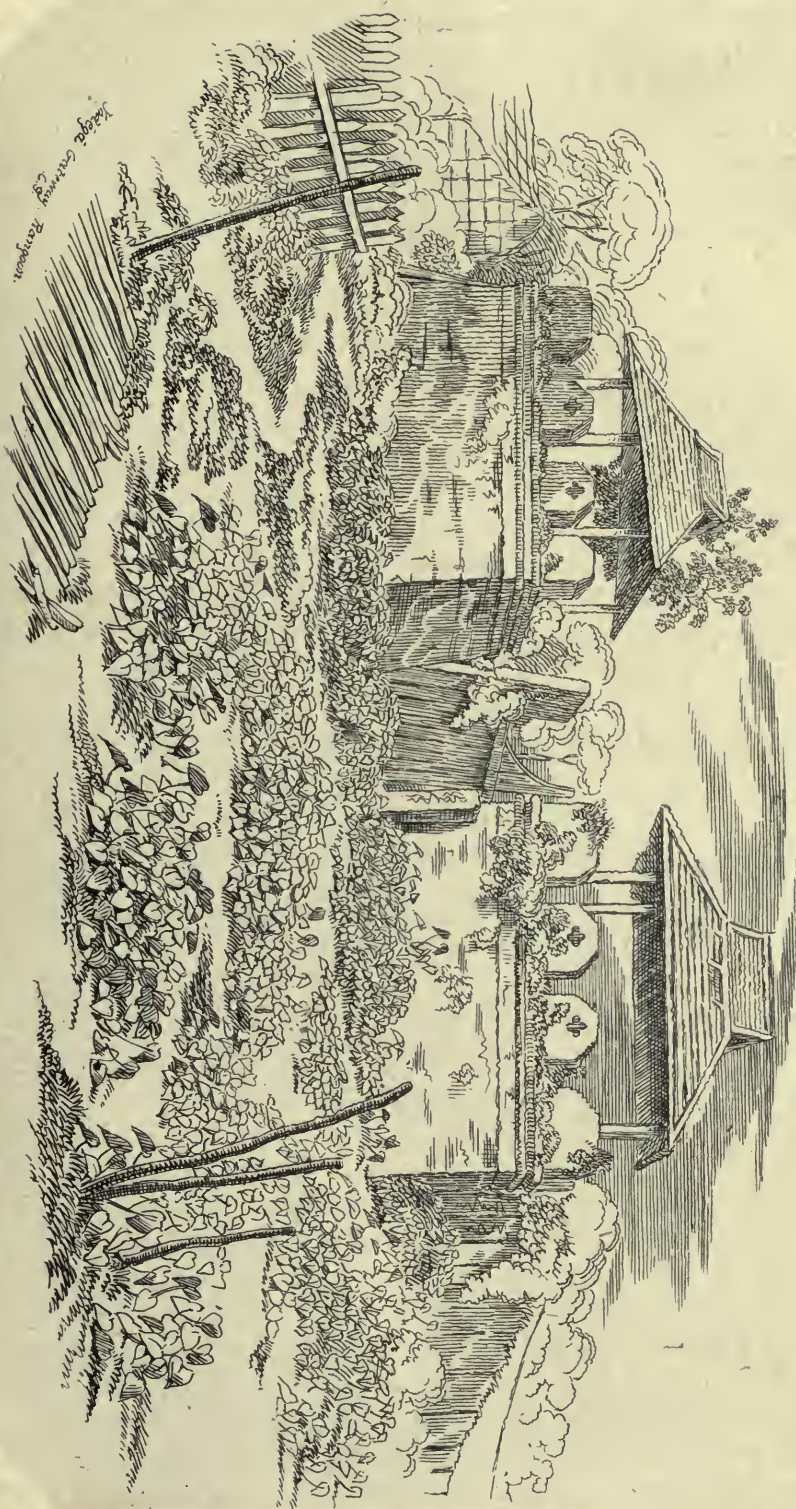
*Sept. 4th.*

Resolved not to be cheated out of the completion of my sketch of Sale's pagoda (to which I now attached more interest than before), I this morning borrowed my host's pony, and accompanied by two men,—one to attend to the horse, and the other to keep a look out, I rode to the scene of my morning adventure. This was certainly a venturesome and an impudent thing to do, and meeting Capt. Crisp, Junr. on the road he endeavoured to dissuade me from the risk I ran; but temptation overruled, and having exchanged my white cap for a black hat, into the crown of which I had thrust a sheet of paper, and with sundry other changes of costume I rode leisurely into the new town. Reaching the pagoda, and taking a glance round, (becoming a spy now in reality!) I dismounted—stepped down into the hollow—sketched the required additions, using the crown of my hat for a drawing board—remounted and returned without molestation.

Venturing no further, however, in that direction, I have confined my wanderings since then to the old town, and as close to the river as possible, near which I to-day discovered a dilapidated gateway—a remnant of the old fortified stockade of Rangoon, and I believe the only one in so much preservation. The gates, dropping from their rusty hinges, and overgrown with jungle, have been attached to strong and massive walls of brick, which were intended for a battery—the upper parts being cut into embrasures, over which, on either side, there still remain the old wooden sheds that were intended as a protection to the men. It appears that when Tharawadee was in rebellion in 1837, the old government mounted one or two guns on the side walls of this and the other gateways, and built sheds over them to protect the men from the rain, but on Tharawadee's troops coming down they walked into the place without a shot being fired. The Woongee was put in irons and sent to Ava without resistance being offered.

The whole of the ground about this place was literally one jungle of the *Kuchoo* plant, which here appears to grow wild and very abundantly. Though seldom brought into the Bazar as a vegetable, it is eaten by the natives. Those of which I have partaken here, have been very fine, and my host thinks, that were they properly cultivated they would not only form a good substitute for the yam, but be superior to it. The potato has not to his knowledge been either cultivated or tried in the country. Judging by the readiness with which a small investment of potatoes taken round to Maulmain was, I observed, bought up, and the high price at which it was sold, I suppose this vegetable is as exotic to the soil there as here.

Close to where I stood, when sketching the old gateway I have spoken of, were some huts inhabited by Dhobees, who, I should tell, you are Bengalees and Madras-sees. Washing, as a profession, is unknown to the Burmese. Their washing is light, and entirely done by the women of the family. There are a few Chinese washermen also, I am told, but the majority of the craft are Madras men. They have for their operations the use of a tank I have observed, in my morning-walks towards the pagodas, near to the English burial ground—which burial ground by the way was, I understand, a grant of land, of course on purchase, made by the king to Capt. Spiers.





The Dhobees' charges here are very much above those of the Calcutta men, which is just what you would expect: the community being small, the few are made to make compensation for the want of the many. The washing is equally as good as it is in Calcutta, but there is the same complaint—uttered indeed in yet louder tones—of the linen being “beat to pieces” by the Dhobees. I was glad enough, however, to avail myself of their services, for you may suppose that linen saturated with salt water, and thus never drying was fast running to ruin. I would the Dhobee could restore *all* which suffered damage during the gale. At such a time, and with so little warning beforehand of what was to be expected, hardly *anything* escaped injury. There was not one of us I believe that came off without bruises from knocks and severe falls. So if sentient beings, with legs and hands could not always manage to keep the one, or hold on by the other, it is little wonder that such things as ignorant senseless boxes should stumble!

*Sept. 5th.*

We are now fairly loading; and from all I can see, it appears probable not only that this is the last time I shall write, but unless we fall in with the steamer, that I shall be the bearer of my own letter!

Our *immense* cargo of timber is being floated alongside by Burmese—a happy song-singing, odd-looking set of fellows, whose heads are protected from the sun by the queerest coverings imaginable. Very primitive helmets, made of basket-ware, and yet more primitive bonnets formed out of a leaf of the palm tree, bent over



the head, and twisted under the chin in a bow, with perhaps a little more than the stiffness of an over-starched ribband! The majority of Burmese, however, may be said to wear no other covering to the head than the large and ingeniously formed knot of their own brilliant hair, planted generally in the very middle of the crown;—for the bit of narrow white muslin which is twisted into it, forming a mere fillet round the head, serves, not as a protection, but a mere ornament, which is more, by the way, than can be said of the frightful hole they pierce in their ears—large enough to hang a padlock on,—into which the women insert their little scent-boxes (about the size of a very large thimble) and the men conveniently thrust their immense cheroots when tired of smoking!

I have some times been led to think that the characteristic principle in the taste of a people, will be found pervading the minutest features in their manners and customs—and that the Burmese, in their head-dress, offer an example. They dress their hair just as they build their Pagodas and Ziyats. They draw the whole of it into a large round knot, as I have said, in the centre of the head,—and above this is probably a smaller knot, forming the tie, and then twisting their small muslin turbands round the base, they so arrange the point or end of the cloth that, in certain positions of the head, it surmounts the whole like a spear, or the *tee* of the pagodas.

*Sept. 6th.*

As “a little pot’s soon hot” so a little ship is soon filled; we are cleared and ready for sea; but as though the adventures of this trip were never to end, we are now *threatened* with a fresh one. The authorities here have become suspicious that so small a vessel must have something more valuable to tempt her visits and carry away than logs of wood and bags of cutch and stick lac! It appears that the exportation of silver in any shape (not excepting the Hon. Co.’s Roopees!) from Burmah is strictly forbidden; so that all mercantile transactions are merely an exchange of commodities. For several days past it seems the “*Flora*,” has been strictly watched (as the ‘*John Hepburne*’ was before her), and we have now received a private intimation (from a government official!) that a war-boat, manned by forty hands, has been sent down to some convenient part or creek of the river (where vessels frequently anchor) below the town on the Dalla side to watch and seize us!



In consequence of this intimation there has been a furbishing and polishing up of arms on board the little “*Flora*” as though H. Majesty’s narrow pendant fluttered from the mast head; for having undergone the customary examination of searching, and obtained his port clearance, our Captain, like Barney O’Reardon, resolves not to be put out of his “north-east course” for any body.

Though like another Irish hero of anecdote “I am only a lodger”—and have no concerns with the affairs of the ship, I can’t say I feel particularly comfortable under all this! I love a little excitement as well as any one, but would much rather it came in the shape of some of Rajah Brook’s troublesome subjects off Borneo, than in a dispute with the constituted authorities of a state—however arbitrary, and however unjust.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sept. 7th.*

We have bade farewell to Rangoon, and are now well on our way down the river. Capt. G., not needlessly to court danger, has avoided anchoring anywhere, and we are safe from the threatened molestation. Indeed I am tired of telling you of *threats*—and this trip has been hardly any thing else;—not but what, at times, they are nearly as unpleasant as the realities, so I pray we may at least be exempt from a repetition of them on the way home!

Fairly away from their shores, then,—peace to the Burmese!—for individually I like nearly all I have seen of them. There is a simplicity—good-humour—frankness—independence and intelligence about them which is very pleasing to English notions. They are *honest*, too, in their ordinary dealings—and highly spoken of generally by those who better know them than I can possibly do; but no sooner do they acquire service under the government, and become “linked in office” with government officials, than that weakness in their character which the subjects of an arbitrary, tyrannic and barbarous government generally display—weakness which almost invariably converts the tame submission of the coward (or the cowed) into the cruelty of the tyrant when in power, appears to exhibit itself. They become corrupt in the extreme, and, strangers to the real attributes of greatness, or the right ends of power, exhibit the first only in a severity of countenance and deportment that awes by its pomposity, and use the latter merely to the advancement of their own self-interest and aggrandizement. It is but fair to add that unlike the Taline, who (said to be not less grasping when in power,) is more close and prudent,—the Burmese is lavish of his money when he gets it. He is a spendthrift. This, however, though it indicates the absence of that more sordid and base desire whose only end is to hoard wealth, cannot extenuate corruption, or justify oppression, in acquiring it,—particularly when its expenditure is not in acts of charity or utility but in extravagance and ostentation.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sand Heads, Tuesday Sept. 15th.*

We have had a very fair passage from Rangoon. Four days in the gulf to the Sunken Rocks, (would they were sunk ten fathoms deeper!) and five from the Rocks to this. Nothing particularly remarkable (except this fact itself!) has occurred to mark our homeward voyage. Indeed, except a few heavy squalls and loads of rain, we appear to have exhausted in our outward trip, all which could well be got up for our entertainment. As, now, this is at an end, and I have returned with a stock, I trust, of renewed health, I have only to say—let those who are in need of that essential, pay a visit to Maulmain; but if they desire a thorough change—inside and out, like a rusty lock,—if they require a stimulus—a shaking up, to “untwist their stubborn pores”—to arouse the dormant nerves, and stagnant corrupting humors, in a manner combining all the efficacy of the Chemist’s drugs—a Russian bath—and a Turkish shampooing—I can only add—let them, *during the south-west monsoon, take a trip to sea in the “FLORA MACDONALD!”*

Your affectionate Brother,

C.





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## MADONNA PIA ;

AND OTHER POEMS.

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### Critical Notices.

*From the Athenæum.*—"The fate of Madonna Pia—she whom Dante commemorated in the 'Purgatorio'—has suggested to Mr. Grant, the longest and by far the best poem in the present collection. In his treatment of this tale of vengeance, the author has evinced more genuine feeling, completeness of design, and grace of illustration than have for some time past rewarded our critical adventure into the region of published verse. Our risks in the lottery of the 'Million' have at length been compensated by something of a prize.

\* \* \* \* \*

"From these specimens, it will be apparent that Mr. Grant is wanting neither in poetic sympathy nor in its delicate, forcible and harmonious utterance."

*The Atlas.*—" \* \* We feel assured that Mr. Grant will appreciate the praise which we intend to express, in saying that we have always the utmost possible faith in the genuineness of the feeling which finds utterance in his poems. It is no sham. The sentiment is not feigned sentiment. The poet is not miserable for the occasion. He writes because he feels. He does not feel because he writes. There is no making up—no stuffing and padding—no acting—no grimacing. We feel that we are in the presence of a real man; that the emotions which are pictured in the pages before us, are the genuine echoes of the pulsations of a warm human heart."

*The Examiner.*—" \* \* \* "We regret that our space will not allow us to give examples from the many Sonnets in these volumes, of Mr. Grant's power over that difficult form of verse. There are many in which Wordsworth, to whom the volumes are appropriately dedicated, will be pleased to trace the hand of no unworthy disciple. \* \* \* \* Mr. Grant has a fine ear for lyrics.—"

*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*—" \* \* \* "If Pietra partook as largely of the human nature of Othello as Madonna Pia does of that of Desdemona, we should have some difficulty in finding in the poetry of the day a match for the poem before us.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are willing to accept of 'Madonna Pia' as one of the best contributions to the poetical literature of the day, and have no faith that a practised hand, as that evidently is, which has produced it, will surpass its own work on another occasion."

*Friend of India.*—" \* \* \* "We should very willingly loiter for a little while over Mr. Grant's attractive pages and even transfer one or two of his short pieces to our own columns; but this may not be. Let our readers take our advice and purchase and read the volumes for themselves."

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## Critical Notices.

FROM "THE CALCUTTA REVIEW." This work is near akin to Mr. Grant's delightful book, the *Anglo-Indian Domestic Sketch*, which we had the pleasure of reviewing at considerable length some months ago. The aim of each is to "put its readers up to a few things" respecting the daily life of Anglo-Indian people, in so far as that life takes its colour from the environments amidst which it is passed. But the two books are designed for quite different classes of readers, whose purposes, in seeking to be made acquainted with Anglo-Indian matters, are widely different. The "Sketch" is mainly designed for the use of those who wish to know about us and our on-goings by reason of the pure affection they entertain towards us, and the kindly interest they take in all that is of interest to us. The "Hand-book," on the other hand, is designed for ourselves, and for those who are on the eve of becoming members of our community; that they and we may be enabled to comport ourselves with the more propriety and credit in our daily and hourly intercourse with the people of the land in which it is appointed unto us to sojourn. Hence it is evident, that the sentiment that was all in its right place in the Artist's "Sketch," would be quite inappropriate here. Like the sisterly conductors of some very respectable Seminaries, the brother-books exemplify the principle of the division of labour—the one undertaking the plain work, while the other *does* the ornamental. Not that we would be understood to sanction a division that would imply that there is a necessary separation between the useful and the ornamental. Is there nothing ornamental in the husband's well stitched-shirt collar? Is there nothing useful in those accomplishments by which home is rendered more attractive?

In the course of our review of the "Sketch," we went a little out of our way to address a somewhat grave lecture to our Anglo-Indian readers, as to the propriety of their making a steady effort towards the acquirement of Hindustani at least, and (if possible) one other of the languages spoken by the natives of India, as Bengali, Ooriya, Tamul or Marathi, according to the places of their residence. The lecture we then read to them, was not, we trust, out of place there; but it would have been still more appropriate, had it been reserved till the present occasion, and delivered in connection with our present text. It is surprising, indeed, with how small a stock of language a person may actually "get on" in India.

If a man were to study it for an hour each day throughout the outward passage—if he would take it up occasionally after his arrival—if he would mark down, under appropriate heads, in an inter-leaved copy of it every thing that struck him as disagreeing with any statement contained in it—the exercise would be a singularly salutary one, and would enable him soon to shake off the prejudices and false notions that we all bring with us to the land of our sojourn \* \* \* It were impossible, within moderate limits, to give any but a very general account of the multifarious matter contained in the thick and densely printed volume before us. First of all, we have a grammar of the language, which seems to us to be simple and good. \* \* \* \* \* The second part, occupying about half the volume, consists of what is styled a Vocabularic Index. This is simply an English and Hindustani Dictionary, with references throughout to such places of the former part of the work as treat of the subject to which any word refers. This strikes us as likely to prove very useful to the student, providing him, as it does, at once with a Dictionary, and an Index to the very varied contents of the former part of the Hand-book. It is also interspersed with occasional dissertations, as they may almost be called, on many subjects of interest, which contain a truly surprising amount of information in a very small compass. \* \* \* The notices of the coinage, under the articles *mohur*, *pagoda*, *pice*, *pie* and *rupee* strike us as particularly good, containing a vast deal of really useful information in a wonderfully concentrated form. \* \* \* Altogether we regard the *Anglo-Hindustani Hand-Book* as a valuable work. Perhaps it would have been all the better had it been somewhat shorter; but it would be difficult to say what portion of the matter could have been omitted without detriment, and still more difficult to say how so much matter could have been compressed into a smaller space. \* \* \* (No. XXVII.—September, 1850.)

FROM "THE FRIEND OF INDIA." We have gone very carefully over this work, a thick duo-decimo volume of nearly a thousand pages, and have seldom seen a work in which the industry of the compiler was more conspicuous, or the convenience of the reader has been so satisfactorily provided for. It not only contains every thing which a stranger in India can be desirous of knowing, but much that will prove interesting and instructive to those who have long resided in the country. It is impossible in our limited space to give even the whole of the table of contents, but a brief enumeration of some of the most important subjects on which it affords information, will shew the reader what a treat the compiler has prepared for him. \* \* \* Such is a brief sketch of the contents of this work, in which the compiler denies us nothing but his name, which, from some feeling of modesty we cannot comprehend, he has deemed it advisable to conceal. \* \* \* (July 11th, 1850.)

FROM "THE DELHI GAZETTE." The *Anglo-Hindustani Hand-Book* reminds one of the ware-rooms of those merchants who deal in "Europe goods" where you are most likely to find all that you want, and a great deal that you never expected to meet with in such a locality. The Hand-book is a repertory of information gathered from all quarters, on all kinds of subjects interesting and useful to the Anglo-Indian, no one will read it through—but every body will consult it occasionally, and if the edition be not speedily exhausted, and another called for—the public will suffer more than the compiler. (Saturday, August 24th, 1850.)

FROM "THE CALCUTTA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE." \* \* \* That the work must have cost the compiler or compilers a vast amount of labour, must be evident from the table of contents \* \* \* In every department on which the compiler has entered, he has displayed not merely diligence but discrimination, and has gathered together a mass of information on almost every subject of importance to those needing a guide in India or to Indian life. We cordially recommend the work to our readers. \* \* \* (Saturday, June 29th, 1850.)

FROM "THE CALCUTTA MORNING CHRONICLE." It is much more valuable as a book of reference than its name would lead one to suppose, and will, if we mistake not, be more generally read than any thing of the kind that has appeared for years past. \* \* \* In a word—we give the work our unqualified commendation to all who are not better versed, not only in the language, but in the habits and peculiarities of the people of this country than we ourselves are. To such we conclude our notice with these simple words—Buy the *Anglo-Hindustani Hand-Book*, if without any higher object than mere colloquial knowledge, you desire to render your intercourse with the natives an easy task. June 28th, 1850.)

FROM "THE BENGAL TIMES." \* \* \* Such a heterogeneous book almost defies criticism. It is a compilation of all the knowledge which the calls of daily life in India require, or which ordinary curiosity prompts us to seek for, regarding the productions of the country and the customs of its inhabitants. Perhaps the most useful part of the book is the English and Hindustani Vocabulary, in the second part, which fills about 450 closely printed pages, and for the purposes of common life far surpasses in copiousness, any thing which the public has hitherto possessed. The Hindustani Grammar, at the commencement, is also likely to be exceedingly useful to those who have no time or no disposition to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language. Then there are papers on Indian Snakes, Fishes, &c. \* \* \* (June 24th, 1850.)

FROM "THE BENGAL HURKARU." Had the book been designated a *Portable Cyclopædia of knowledge for Griffs*, its contents would have justified its title-page. It contains a mass of information, original or collected, on nearly every subject that is likely to come in the way of the newly arrived Anglo-Indian. To give even the merest outline of its contents, we must copy the table thereof entire, and for this we have not room. \* \* \*

The second part, comprising nearly one moiety of a thousand pages, more or less, contains an "Anglo-Hindustani Vocubularic Index" and a "Supplemental Index" forming, together, a very compact Dictionary of English and Conversational Hindustani.

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*Calcutta Christian Advocate.* \* \* \* "The author imagines his mother spending a day in Calcutta, and takes her to see all that commonly belongs to an Anglo-Indian house. The plan of the work therefore gives, and indeed requires, all the varied adjuncts of history, description, anecdote, and scientific research, whilst it fully admits of frequent digressions; and thus in his imaginary ramble does the writer glide through 147 pages, and as really carries the reader along with him as he would the being whom he supposes to be his companion."

*Calcutta Review.* \* \* \* "Altogether, we look upon this work as a real acquisition to our Anglo-Indian literature, and confidently predict that it will be received as a very acceptable present by the multitudes in England to whom it will be sent. The illustrations will contribute to the extension of that reputation which Mr. Grant has already earned as an artist."

*Englishman.* \* \* \* "Nothing has yet been published, no, not the most expensive and elaborate travels of titled tourists, which can convey to the English reader so clear and accurate a notion of the every day life of his countrymen in Bengal as the Sketches before us and their accompanying letter press."

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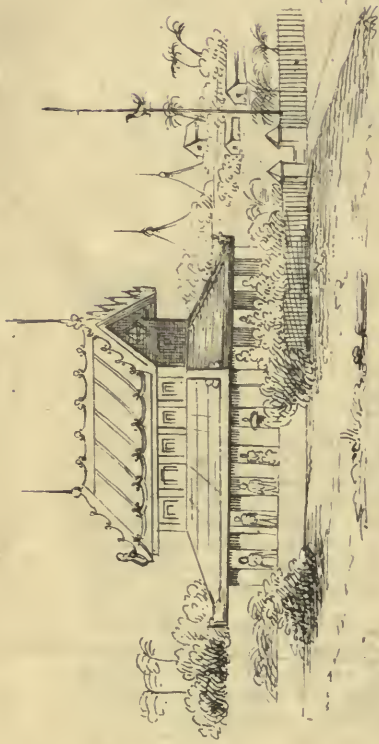
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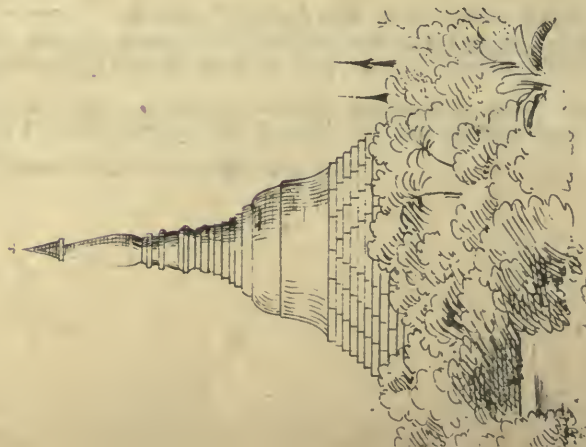
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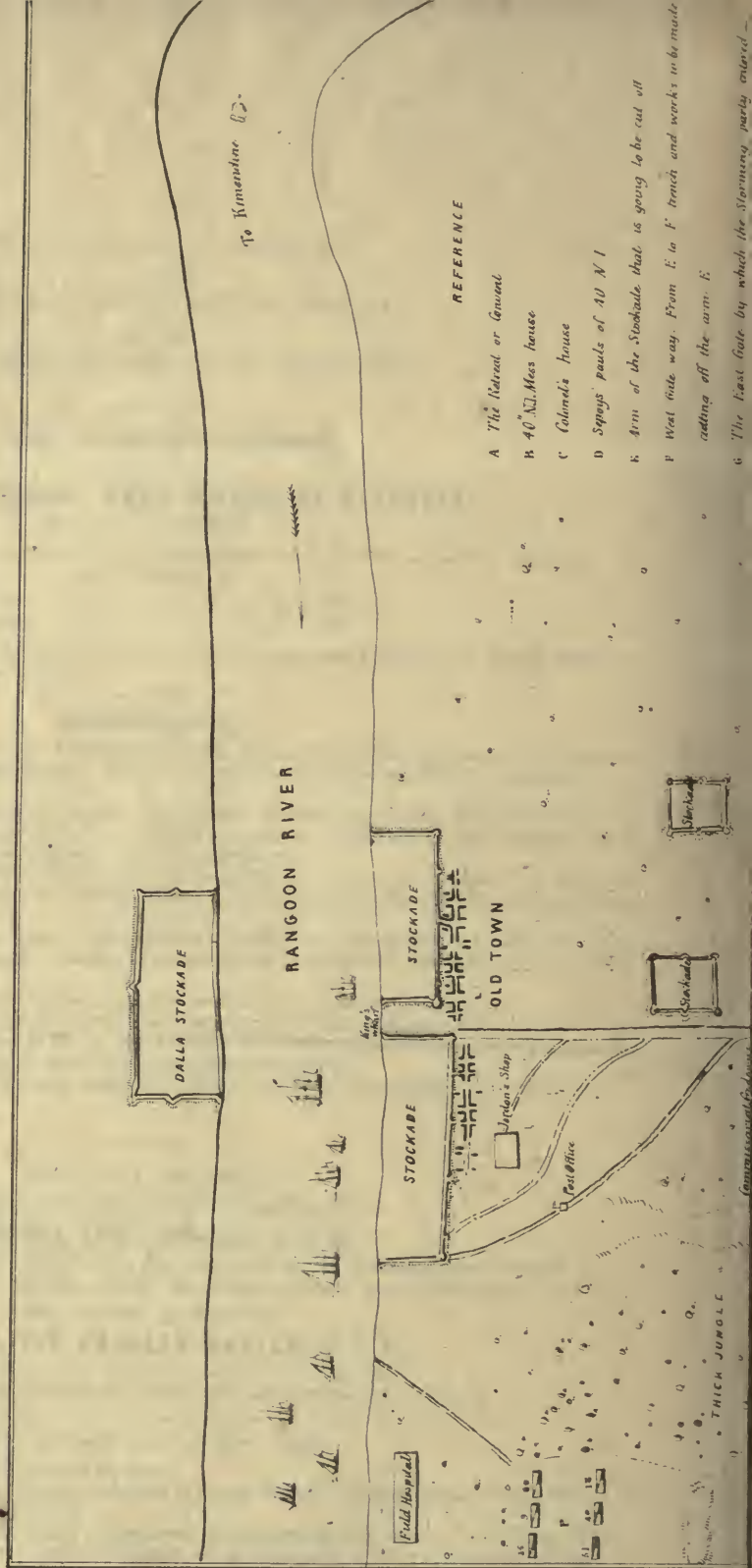


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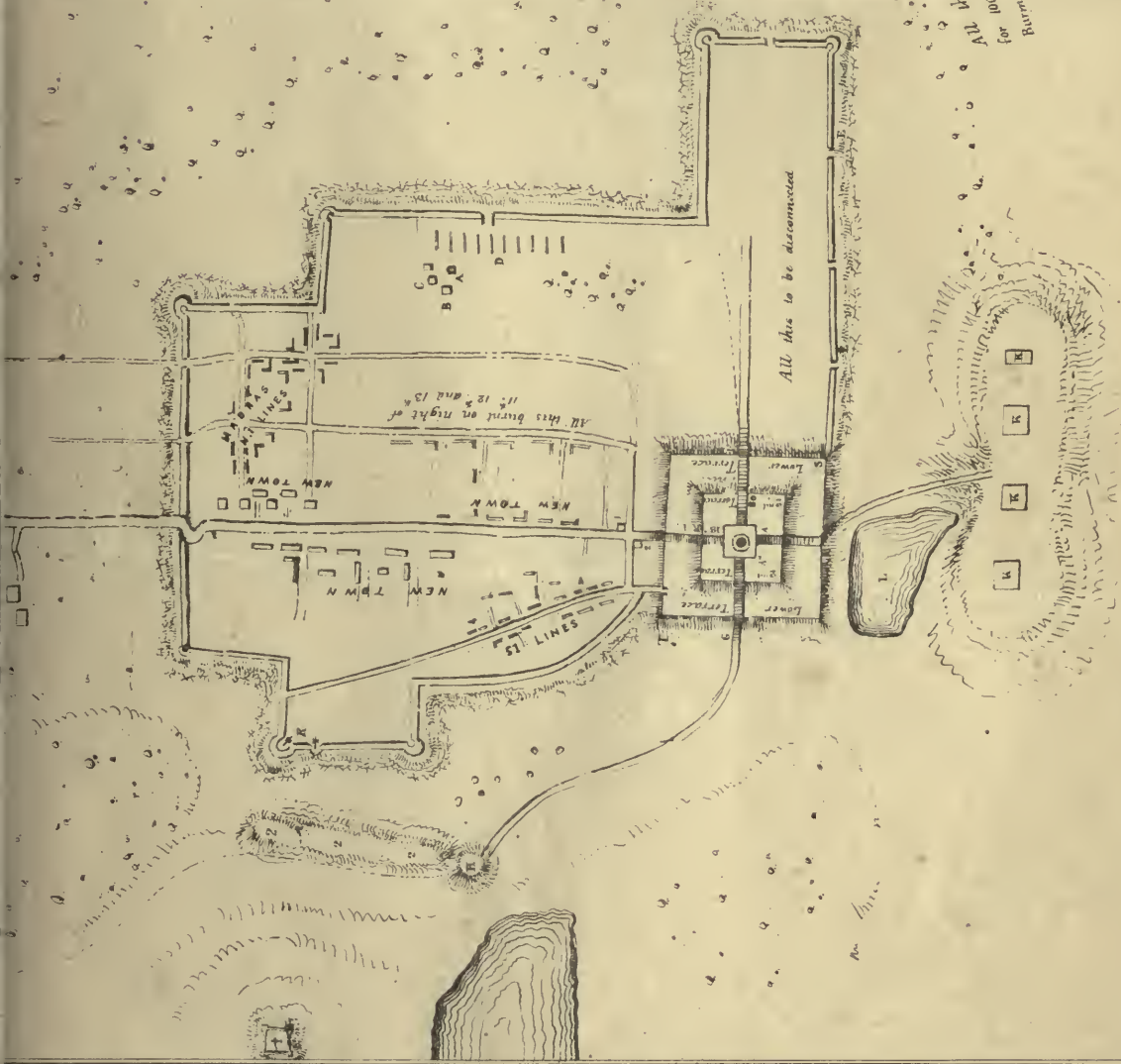
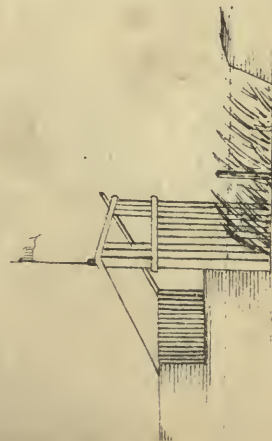
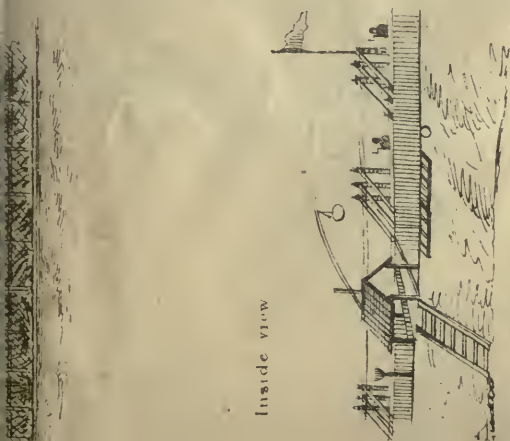
The Dagon Pagoda seen from the front of the Convent, Nov 12<sup>th</sup> 52.

outside view of the defences



REFERENCE

- A The Retreat or Convent
- B 40<sup>th</sup> M. Mess house
- C Colonel's house
- D Spang's parlour of 40 N 1
- E Arm of the Stockade that is going to be cut off
- F West gate way. From E. in F. trench and works to be made adding off the arm. E.
- G The East Gate by which the storming party entered.



the centre marked

1 The whole house stockade, taken on Monday the 12<sup>th</sup>  
by ~~the~~ <sup>4</sup> companies of ~~the~~ <sup>de</sup> 31<sup>st</sup>

K Houses on a rising ground on the North side of the Lu  
goda. not occupied by us

1. A Tank or pond full of small fish whose almost all the water is obtained no one was allowed to fish or bathe in this pond, but the Governor of Rangoon, Commissariat Store house

p The position of the force during the night of the 12<sup>th</sup> and from whence we started at day break of the 14<sup>th</sup> April, following the dotted line by a narrow path was

all we came to 2, where we lay for about 2 hours till the heavy guns were got into position on a rising ground. It was during this time, that the greater number of casualties occurred... those engaged in dress

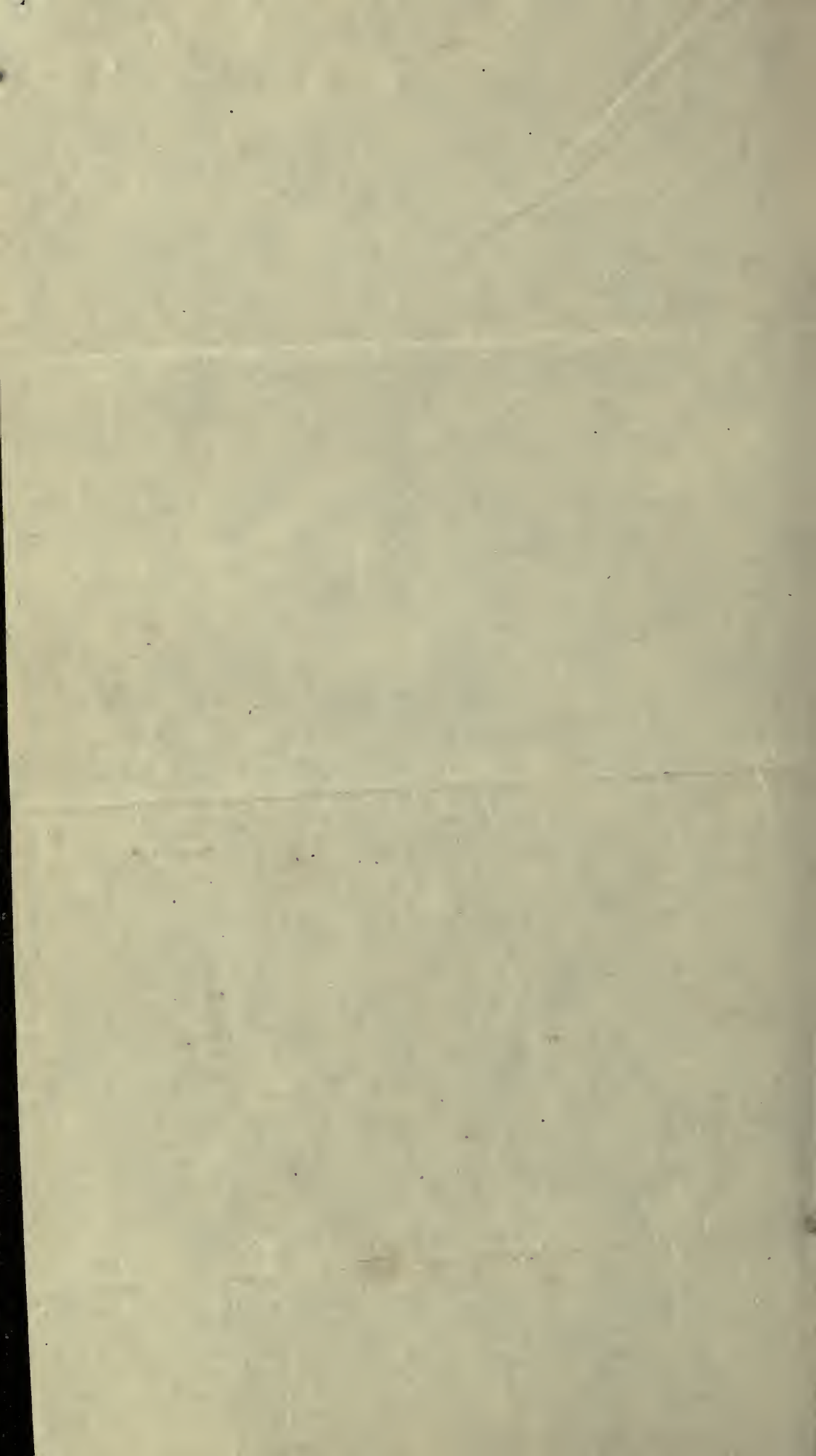
ding the guns especially—the enemy got our range exactly and kept up a continued fire of shot balls and bullets from some jacallids and guns they had at the corner marked

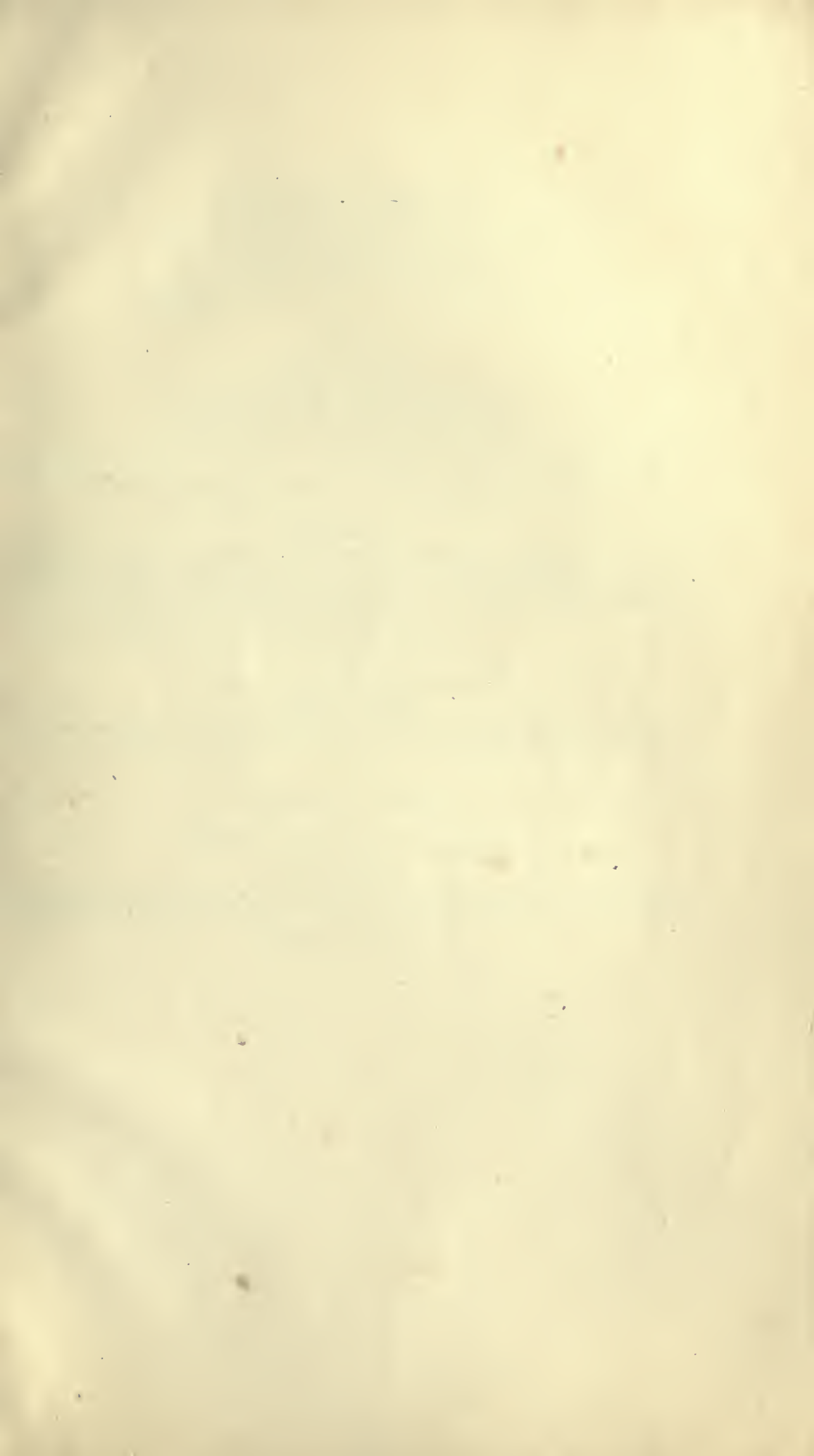
round. to S. is shaded, as is represented

de frise of stakes driven into the ground, in

from "I" to S the house marked 1 on the South side

s where Frank lives.







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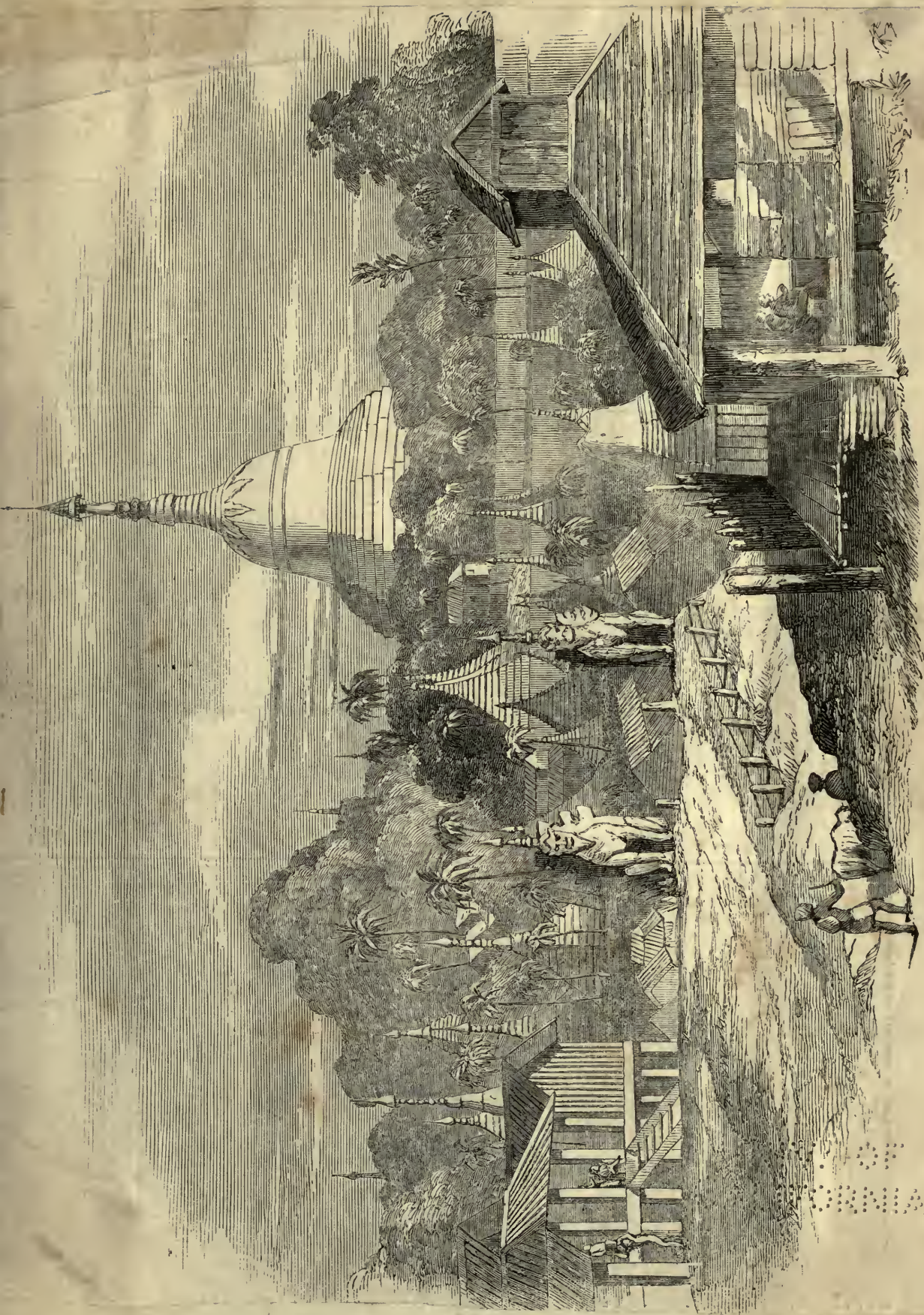
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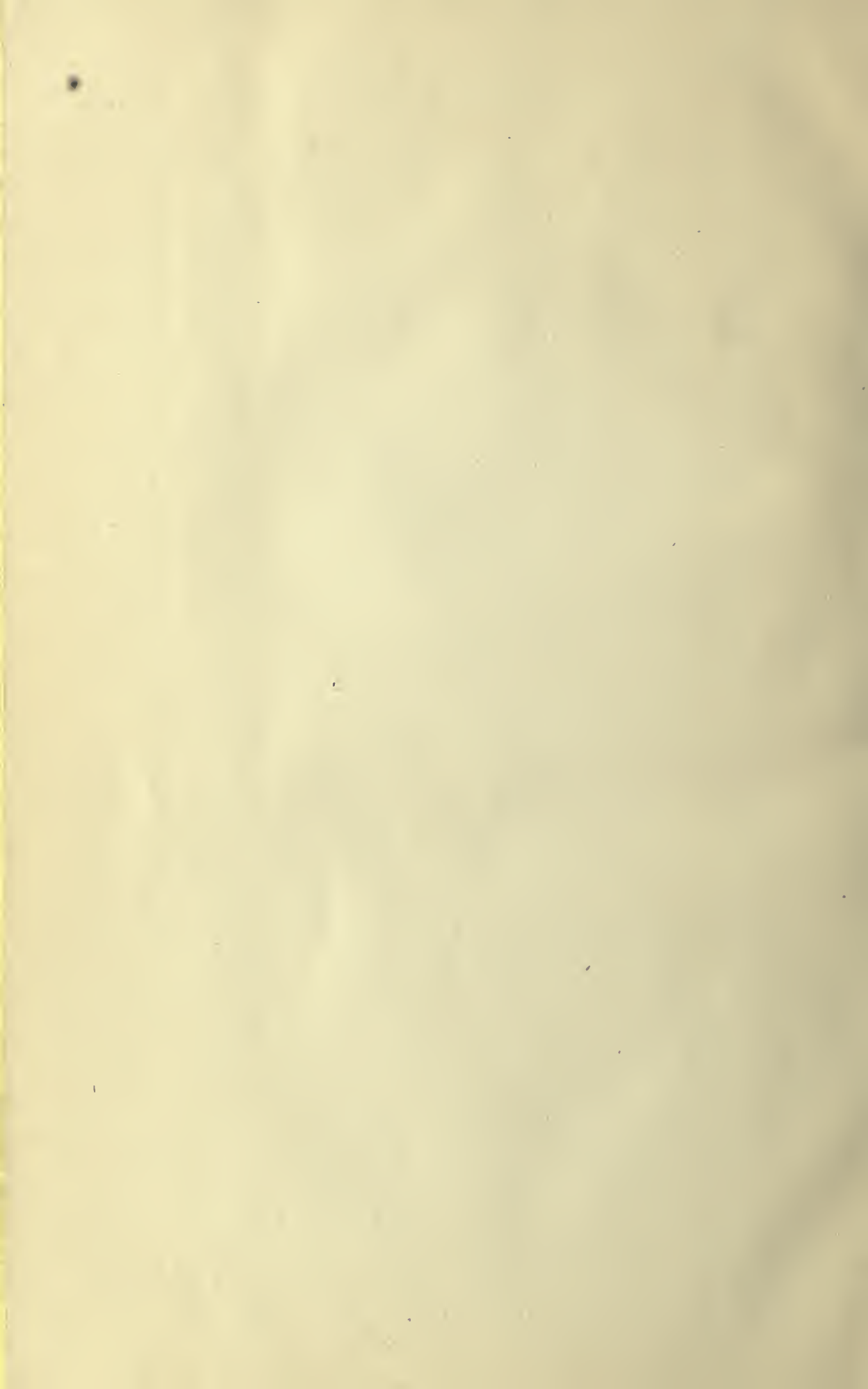


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